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The Week

IT is still too early to say that the Spanish revolution is a repetition of the Fascist coup in Italy. Though time may show that General Rivera, head of the new military directorate, is another Mussolini, there is as yet no evidence that this is the case. He promises that the new government, consisting of nine generals, is to be only temporary. The immediate cause of the affair was resentment over the drastic punishment inflicted on the officers concerned in the Melilla disaster, while the civilians who were even more responsible, went scot free. However, Spain has for years been not far from revolution. The radicals, commonly supposed to be in touch with Moscow, have harassed the government with strikes and sabotage, and to their activity have been attributed a succession of attempted assassinations of public officials. Repeatedly, the constitutional guarantees have been suspended and the country placed under martial law. Under these circumstances, for General Rivera to overthrow the government has been comparatively easy. Like Mussolini, he will now discover that the strong, stern man on horseback only begins his troubles when he comes down off his horse and goes to work.

WHATEVER the reason may be, Mussolini is behaving at the moment with a moderation wholly at variance with his jingoism of a fortnight ago. Not only has he agreed to the evacuation of Corfu, but his government has filed the Treaty of Rapallo and the supplementary Santa Margherita agreement with the League secretariat. As Jugoslavia had already done the same thing, the International Court of Justice now has jurisdiction in the Fiume dispute. The date on which Mussolini had promised to do something desperate—September 15—has passed with the conference still so peacefully at work that the Italians in the Fiume government have resigned in what seems to be an attempt to force Mussolini's hand. Advocates of the League declare that the pressure of world public opinion, mobilized and made effective through the machinery at Geneva, was too much for the Roman dictator; while others, more cynical about that gentleman's responsiveness to worldwide moral emotion, believe that France and England, acting together, put the screws on. It is possible that both explanations are partially correct. At any rate, the prospect of war in southeastern Europe is temporarily averted.

M. POINCARÉ, in his two speeches last Sunday, once more slammed the door in Germany's face. If any reality has lain behind the persistent reports from Berlin of a secret agreement between French and German industrialists, it has vanished as utterly as has Herr Stresemann's hope of effecting a compromise. France sticks to the Treaty of Versailles, says her Premier. No intervention by any outside group will be permitted, either from a neutral or international committee, or from the League. M. Poincaré regards such "interference" as tantamount to letting Germany off; if she is not forced to pay for the last war, he says, she will try another. He rejects the Rhineland peace compact on the ground that when Germany has fulfilled her obligation she may enter the League, and such a special Franco-German agreement as is proposed will then be unnecessary. This statement is not much more drastic than his previous utterances; but coming at the moment when Herr

Stresemann has been exhausting every effort to effect an agreement, it has double weight. Great Britain can do nothing more; and no other power can do anything even if it would. France proposes to deal with Germany alone, and on the terms of abject and absolute surrender. While this frame of mind continues, the only question is whether the Reich will be destroyed by the action of the French, or will break up under the pressure of the suffering which is now being inflicted on the people.

ONE sentence in M. Poincaré's Brioules speech clears up a great many questions on the future of European peace and war. "Germany tries to discredit before the world our brave, faithful black troops because she does not want us to be a nation of a hundred millions, because she flatters herself that she will one day dominate us by her numbers." M. Poincaré regards France as a nation of 100,000,000, 60,000,000 colored. In the next war he contemplates French armies made up of white and colored in about these proportions. If the Germans strike a blow for liberation, they may expect blacks from Africa to pour over their western frontier, wave after wave. If "frightfulness" ever kept a people in subjection, this threat ought to work.

OPTIMISTS may argue that M. Poincaré is not France; that a humane, civilized people like the French will not tolerate the letting loose of hordes of savages upon an unarmed civil population. Where, in all Europe, do the people control the government? In Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and England. Everywhere else the force of a minority dominates; in France, by virtue of a panic crazed election, and everywhere else by virtue of revolutions or coups d'état. The will of the people is a meaningless phrase, for almost all of Europe. The interest of the people is almost as meaningless. The cliques in control know only one will, their own will to power. They know only one interest, their own interest. And that interest may be the direct opposite of the interest of mankind.

OKLAHOMA is evidently to have the more than dubious honor of being the first state in which the conflict between the Ku Klux Klan and the civil authorities comes to an open show of arms. Governor Walton, declaring that the Klan practically controls the state courts and much of the administrative machinery, has extended the rule of martial law from Tulsa county to the whole state. He has put a press censorship in force, though he explains that it only applies to articles which incite the population to defiance of legal authority. The members of the legislature have promised to call a special session at which to im-

peach the Governor, and the latter responds with a threat to put the members into jail if they meet. This is not a very cheerful situation; but it may prove salutary. If the Ku Klux is stronger than the legal government, the sooner we find it out the better.

THE Oklahoma situation has a history. The repeated outrages by the Klan undoubtedly lead back to the race battle in Tulsa two years ago, in which thirty persons were killed and the Negro residence district burned. And this disgraceful occurrence, as the New Republic pointed out at the time, is connected with the torturing of seventeen members of the I. W. W. on November 9, 1917, "in the name of the women and children of Belgium." The significant fact about this latter outrage was that leading business men of Tulsa formed part of the mob, which gathered at the arsenal of the Home Guard; and that police acted in collusion with it, the chief inspector personally superintending the flogging. In short, we have in Oklahoma as elsewhere throughout the country a legacy of the permitted and encouraged violence of the war.

IF Governor Silzer is right in his assumption that the price of coal to the consumer is raised fifty cents a ton by the Pennsylvania tax of one and one half percent, or thirteen and one half cents on nine dollar coal, the moral is, not that the tax ought to be abolished, as Governor Silzer urges, but that the consumer ought to begin to do things for himself. He ought to look into a distributive system which makes a thirteen and one half cent tax yield a fifty-cent increase in retail prices. If such profiteering or waste is inherent in the present system of unregulated dealing in coal, it is time to think out a state system of regulated dealing, or better, to look into the possibilities of cooperative coal. The do-nothing usually loses his rights, and if the consumer clings to the do-nothing role, neither Governor Pinchot nor President Coolidge can save him from exploitation.

THERE are, however, serious defects in the Pennsylvania coal tax. It is constitutional, but it is an impost the framers of the Constitution would no doubt have prohibited, if they could have foreseen everything. Like the Minnesota tax on ore mining, it draws revenues to the state at the expense of other states. The burden is small, but there is nothing to keep it from becoming serious at some future time. There is every reason why a state possessed of valuable natural resources like coal and iron ore should seek a substantial revenue from them. A graduated tax falling with special weight upon the low-cost mines would place the burden where it belongs, on what

amounts to pure unearned increment. Governor Pinchot has recognized that some of the mines could absorb the whole cost of the recent wages increase. They cannot be made to absorb it, because the poorer mines have to raise their prices, and the rest will naturally follow suit. Clearly, then, the richer mines are in a position to pay the whole tax on coal.

THE New Republic recently called attention to the danger involved in the control of radio service by corporations which are often partial and limited in their view of public questions. A case in point is before us. Some months ago the American Telephone and Telegraph Company broadcasted some highly inaccurate remarks by William J. Burns on the American Civil Liberties Union. The Union wrote to the company requesting that Mr. Norman Hapgood be allowed to state its position. In response to the reply of the company Mr. Hapgood presented a synopsis of his address, setting forth the ideals of liberty in the past as expressed by Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and others; showing the effect of the war on freedom of speech; and declaring his view that the suppression of efforts to change intellectual belief is not in line with liberty or the improvement of our civilization. On the refusal of the company to broadcast Mr. Hapgood, the Union inquired whether there was anything objectionable in Mr. Hapgood's address, whether the company would give an appointment at any time within a year to any prominent citizen to discuss the subject *What Is Liberty?* and whether it would allow Mr. Burns to continue to use its facilities to attack such Americans as Jane Addams, Father John A. Ryan, and others who believe in constitutional rights. The company replied: "We do not see that any good can be accomplished by a discussion which the questions in your letter invite." So that's that for Constitution Week.

CLOSE on the heels of the anthracite settlement, the United Mine Workers of America have made public an amazing series of articles, purporting to reveal the extent and seriousness of the "Red menace" in America. They assert that the Communist party in this country is strong, that it is bent on violent revolution, that it is encouraged, financed and directed from Moscow, and they attack a number of American organizations and groups as being in open or covert sympathy with Bolshevism. In making such a statement the United Mine Workers are of course entirely within their rights. The New Republic is as strongly opposed as are the miners to the use of force and violence by any group for any purpose. If President Lewis and his associates have actually uncovered evidence of a serious "red plot," it is their duty as citizens to make public what they have learned.

BUT it is unfortunate, to say the least, that the United Mine Workers should have produced a report which can carry conviction to no one, and appears to be the work of unintelligent, superficial and unbalanced investigators. If it is the result of original investigation, as the U. M. W. A. claims, it is a singular coincidence that in large part it duplicates old and silly reports made by amateur witch-hunters in the past and published in anti-labor papers. In one connection, the discussion of the Herrin affair, the statements made appear to be at wide variance with the facts, as is pointed out elsewhere in this issue. This is also true of all the assertions as to radicalism among coal miners, according to no less an authority than John G. Brydon, president of the National Coal Association, who declares that eight months' careful investigation by committees representing the mine operators failed to reveal radicalism as an important factor in labor trouble anywhere in the whole country.

MOST important of all is the obvious bias of the national officers of the U. M. W. A. in seeking to raise a hue and cry about radicalism. Every one knows that President Lewis is opposed by an active minority within the ranks of the organization a minority much more liberal in attitude than himself. If he can stigmatize all his opponents as Bolsheviks or Bolshevik sympathizers, he will have gone far toward drawing their teeth. Also, the U. M. W. A. will have cleared its own skirts of the suspicion of radicalism in the eyes of the great, careless, easy-going public which reads only headlines and believes that "there must be something in it or the papers wouldn't print it."

THE incident suggests that what this country needs about as much as anything else is an honest, impartial investigation of American radicalism, followed by a clear and commonsense statement of exactly what it amounts to, what it is trying to do, and how it expects to do it. The U. M. W. A. report declares that there are more than a million active revolutionists in the United States. Only a few weeks earlier, Mr. Ralph Easley, long the chief watchdog of the National Civic Federation, stated his belief that there are only a thousand communists who are American citizens, and only 14,000 aliens. About the same time a gentleman from Texas named Saner was awarded the presidency of the American Bar Association after producing a report that dangerous radicals number 1,500,000 and may be expected to blow the government to bits almost any minute. Every one with a grain of sense knows it is altogether unlikely that there are 1,500,000 revolutionists, or one one-hundredth of that number in the United States; and that those who raise the cry almost invariably do so to further their own highly anti-

social ends; but for want of any real evidence, these ghost stories continue to be accepted by press and public. A genuine investigation from a neutral source would unquestionably put an end to a vast deal of nonsense.

FRIENDS of the League of Nations will not be particularly grateful to Mr. Wickersham for his defence of its action in the Italian-Greek crisis. "The situation," said Mr. Wickersham, "is not unlike what it would have been if the foreign offices of Europe had united in telling Serbia that she must comply with the demand made by Austria after the crime of July 1914." Thus Mr. Wickersham triumphantly refutes those who feared that the League would become a superstate. The alternative which he suggests, however, that the League exists by virtue of throwing its strength on the side of the strong, and convincing the weak at the outset that their cause is hopeless, is distinctly unpalatable. This is not the method of ending war for which we fought under the slogan of Wilson.

IT must be recognized that the League exists by virtue of the good will and honest pacifism of the nations composing it. The most hopeful indication of its future is that there have recently been surprising demonstrations of that spirit, on the part both of member nations and of some which are excluded from membership. There are, however, certain nations, which do not possess the initial qualification of good will, by virtue of which they can renounce the right of the strong to be judges in their own cause. France has invaded Germany; Italy has invaded Greece; and the only reason these invasions are not war is the impotence of the invader. There can never be a genuine League of Nations so long as great powers continue to be actuated by a spirit of active malevolence and egotism. It is strange that supporters of the League like Mr. Wickersham do not see that in accepting the action of France in the Ruhr they are helping to reduce the League to the travesty which its opponents declare it is.

A COLLECTION of all existing news films dealing with Theodore Roosevelt has been installed in Roosevelt House, the restored birthplace of the late ex-president in New York City. A similar collection is being made of the Warren Harding pictures. Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion, has been even more fortunate. Whether or not such pictures are a boon to the memories of their subjects is hard to say. No prize-fight or corner-stone speech will ever loom as epic in celluloid realism as in the rosy recollections of the last-living onlookers. The Roosevelt and Harding news-reel anthologies partake of the nature of a scrap-book and not of a historical unit and the

future must be forewarned that early twentieth century presidents did not confine themselves to platform speaking, welcoming diplomats, teeing golf balls, and christening ships. In later administrations we shall doubtless have a Secretary of Biography to arrange for complete picturization. The newer race of Boswells, with a phonograph recorder, a camera, and a Cooper-Hewitt light, adds another element in man's furious race with the forces of oblivion.

The Truth about Herrin

THE Herrin massacre is recalled to public attention this week by two statements on the causes of that tragedy, one by Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers' Journal, the other by the United States Coal Commission. According to Mr. Searles:

The massacre of the strike-breakers at Herrin, Ill., was engineered by these Communist agents "boring from within" the miners' union. According to their own statements, they were engaged for seven weeks beforehand in their preparations for a tragic occurrence of this kind at some point in Southern Illinois as a means to arousing the workers to revolutionary action.

It is to be noticed that this assertion is not supported by evidence. It is further to be noticed that it is made in a series of articles abounding in absurdities and misrepresentations. And finally the report of the Coal Commission effectually disposes of it. "It is true," says the report referring to Williamson County, "that communists have made efforts to establish organizations in that county and that a few foreigners were induced to join: but there is no evidence that this had any relation to this lamentable and horrible occurrence. The voters are intensely partisan and divide along normal party lines with a negligible Socialist vote." Elsewhere the report says of Williamson County: "It is intensely patriotic and had a fine record during the World War."

Although we cannot accept Mr. Searles's explanation, we think that he has rendered a public service in bringing the question of responsibility for the Herrin affair to the attention of many people who will not see the report of the Coal Commission. In any event, that report adds nothing to what is known. It gives a clear narrative of the chief events: the permission of the union to the owner of a strip mine at Herrin to uncover coal in spite of the general strike; the lapsing of the agreement on June 13; the attempt to work the mine with outside men under armed guards; the threatening attitude of the population; the failure of the state to send troops; the attack on the mine by the union strikers; the surrender of guards and strikebreakers under promise of safe conduct; and the subsequent massacre of some twenty-five of them by the mob. The report comments on the

fact that "although there were innumerable witnesses to the murders, there has been no conviction for this breach of the criminal law nor is there the remotest possibility there ever will be one."

In spite of this strong language in generalization the report gives a singular effect of timidity in particularization. For instance, the responsible employer, W. J. Lester, is never referred to by name, merely as "the promoter of the Southern Illinois Coal Company." There is no doubt that the match was applied to the inflammable mass at Herrin by the telegram of J. L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, but this fact is not mentioned. The Commission finds that the outburst of public indignation against the perpetrators, the union and the county, had the effect of solidifying the opposition to judicial proceedings, ("the aspect of a stranger interfering in a family row," is the happy expression used in the report) but it does not specify the action of the Illinois Chamber of Commerce in raising a special fund for the prosecution as the excuse for the miners' belief that, as on so many other occasions, men who might be innocent would be framed and railroaded. The Commission notes "the brazen audacity with which subordinate officials and members of the United Mine Workers of America defended the crime and criminals;" but it does not quote the statements of Frank Farrington, head of the Illinois Mine Workers, of J. L. Lewis, or of Mr. Searles on the subject. Finally it makes no mention of the majority report of the committee of investigation of the Illinois legislature, which laid responsibility upon W. J. Lester, the operator, upon Adjutant General Black and Colonel Hunter of the State Militia, and Hugh Willis, head of the local union; and thus necessarily omits the refusal of Lester and Willis to appear before the committee, a fact which seems significant in its implications.

Failing to get any light on the affair from the Coal Commission we turn back to Mr. Searles and the United Mine Workers of America. After all it concerns them more immediately and intimately than any one else to find out the truth. The last development in the story should give special point to their inquiry. A few weeks ago a news item appeared to the effect that the United Mine Workers of Illinois had purchased the Lester mine for \$729,000. As this body is not in the habit of purchasing and operating mines some curiosity was permissible. It was learned that Lester had sued the Mine Workers for \$250,000 damages, that the suit was to be tried outside of Williamson County, and that the attorney for the Mine Workers advised the executive committee to settle in order to protect the men involved in the Herrin killings. The crude payment of \$250,000 hush money was too much for the executive committee and they preferred to camouflage the transaction

as a purchase—in which apparently they were badly held up.

The Coal Commission mentions this payment of \$729,000 as evidence that the United Mine Workers "were espousing the cause and defending the law breakers," but it does not follow up the other inferences of the transaction. This is left for the Mine Workers themselves. They should undoubtedly examine Mr. Searles's accusation against the Communists. If the executive committee paid \$729,000 to protect these latter then indeed we shall have to take the alarmist outgivings of Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, of the American Bar Association, and of Mr. Searles himself in regard to the power of communism more seriously than we have been in the habit of doing. But there is another lead which seems to us more promising. The miners know that Farrington was charged with undermining the general strike led by Lewis. Was there an understanding between Farrington and Lester covering Lester's operations subsequent to June 13? It would appear that such a hypothesis is needed to account for the appeal of the local union to Lewis rather than Farrington, and the words of Lewis's reply to treat Lester's stripping crew like "any other strike-breakers," as well as for the extraordinary violence with which the mob handled its victims when it had them in its power. Was the fortune paid to Lester, (undoubtedly far in excess of the value of his property) the price of his silence? Much as it concerns the public to know the truth about Herrin, it concerns still more the United Mine Workers to find out whether that tragedy was an episode in the rivalry of labor leadership, and whether in paying \$729,000 hush money they were saving the lives of their comrades of the rank and file, or the face of their officers.

Who Pays for Ellis Island?

NOTHING could be more sinister than the proposal, said to have the sanction of high official authority in Washington, that the federal government should refuse to maintain Ellis Island and the other immigration stations and, as the newspaper reports have it, "place the burden on the steamship companies." Various reasons are assigned for this proposal, the most important being that, as the steamship companies bring over inadmissible immigrants to increase their profits, it is only fair to charge them with the expense of caring for these passengers whom they have wilfully attempted to land in violation of our laws.

The federal officials are beginning to show signs of dangerous irritability over the situation on Ellis Island. When the Harding administration appointed Mr. W. W. Husband as Commissioner-General, friends of the immigrant hoped for some long overdue changes in the Immigration

Service. The new commissioner started out well. He appointed a good investigation commission, and this commission worked conscientiously over its report and recommendations. The public then waited long and patiently for the publication of the report, but it was treated as a private document and carefully concealed in the departmental archives. Then followed a period of patient waiting for some great changes that were promised at Ellis Island. But the much heralded improvements never arrived. In the meantime the "quota" law created administrative difficulties that grew by leaps and bounds. Finally, when in addition to complaints from social workers, the foreign press, the American press, and congressmen pricked into action by their constituents, a new series of complaints and reports about Ellis Island began to come in from the House of Commons and the British ambassador, the irritation of public officials perceptibly increased. Instead, however, of putting the recommendations of his commission into effect, the Commissioner-General suddenly drew a red herring across the trail. "After all why should the government worry when we can make the steamship companies do it!"

In other words, instead of going forward courageously with a genuine social program for the care of arriving immigrants, let us suddenly adopt a plan that will make a social welfare program impossible! The problem being too difficult for all the federal officials with all the resources of the United States, let the steamship companies, which are not troubled by humanitarian considerations, tackle the prickly problem! Is the proposal, one wonders, a mere fling at the steamship companies or do our officials honestly believe that where a great government department has failed a score of steamship companies can easily succeed? Do they really think the steamship companies can do it better, or don't they care? Or would they really like to have the steamship companies make a worse mess of it all, in order that we may be able to complain to the British government about what the Cunard Line is doing?

And do these officials propose to repeal the head-tax provisions? The steamship companies would like nothing so much; that is, nothing except to have the right to keep for their own spending the head tax of \$8 per capita collected and turned over to the government by the steamship companies but paid by the immigrant—a tax which amounted to more than \$2,500,000 in the fiscal year 1921-22. It is all very well to talk about "placing the burden on the steamship companies," but whatever happens we may be sure of one thing, the "burden" will continue to rest in the future just where it has rested in the past—and that is on the immigrants themselves.

The newspapers have been talking recently as if Ellis Island were a benevolent institution erect-

ed and maintained by the American taxpayers as a public charity, and a statement has been going the rounds of the press that Ellis Island costs the government a million dollars a year over and above head-tax receipts. All this is pure fiction. In the old days the immigrants paid the money that erected and maintained Castle Garden; and when Castle Garden was given up and Ellis Island was established, the immigrants paid and have continued to pay not only for Ellis Island but for the whole Immigration Service.

It is true that the year 1921-22, the first year of the quota law, was an exceptional year as regards head-tax receipts; and the very unusual situation of a deficit instead of a surplus existed, but the deficit was very far from being the frequently quoted "million dollars." The report of the Commissioner-General for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1922, gives the following figures: Head tax receipts, \$2,503,096; fines assessed, bonds forfeited, etc., \$489,781; total revenue, \$2,992,877; appropriations, \$3,300,000. Excess of appropriations over receipts \$307,123. Now three hundred thousand dollars is not a terrifying item to the American taxpayer even if he has paid it. But has he? As a matter of fact the head-tax receipts in the past two decades have netted a huge surplus over all expenditures, against which this \$300,000 is a beggarly nothing.

In 1918 the report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration showed that, in an accounting over a series of years, the receipts from head taxes had netted a balance of more than \$9,000,000 over all expenditures. In spite of this huge surplus, the head tax was again doubled in 1917 to \$8, and in the fiscal year 1921, the net revenue to the government from the head taxes over all expenditures on the service was more than \$2,000,000. Thus the tax had become, before the "Quota Acts" were passed, a tax on arriving immigrants for the benefit of the United States and if there was a small deficit last year the balance is still very largely in favor of the immigrant.

Formerly the receipts from head taxes were, under the statute, credited to a special Immigrant Fund. But in 1909 Congress decided to take this fund and convert it into the general revenue. This was probably an unconstitutional proceeding, for in the old "Head Money Cases" of 1884, the United States Supreme Court in upholding the constitutionality of the head tax had said, "The money thus raised, though paid into the Treasury, is appropriated in advance to the uses of the statute, and does not go to the general support of the government" (*Edye v. Robertson*, 112 U. S. 596). In the year after the Immigrant Fund was confiscated, the surplus collected above the cost of service was approximately one and a half million dollars.

If the government has any thought of leaving

the care of detained immigrants to the steamship companies, let us remember the surplus of \$9,000,000 and not say it is because of any burden on the taxpayer. And again, let us not deceive ourselves about what the steamship companies will do for the immigrants. It is not necessary to speculate as to what will happen, for we had a long and bitter experience with this plan in the past. One of the most disgraceful episodes in our history was the maltreatment of immigrants by the steamship companies in New York City. In the old *laissez-faire* days when the starving peasants of Ireland and Germany were pouring into New York and when there was no law making it possible to deport the lame and the halt and the blind, the steamship companies were made individually liable for the care of their own sick and destitute passengers. The general policy of the passenger agents and shipowners was to farm out the immigrants who became "public charges" to private individuals who made a living by boarding these miserable people. The profits of the proprietors of these establishments were measured by their neglect of the poor aliens who fell into their hands. Lack of food and clothing was not the worst of the evils of these places. There was no provision of separate quarters for different classes of immigrants, and the men and women, the sick and well, the old and young were indiscriminately herded together. The sick were neglected, and the children ill treated and contaminated.

The iniquitous system of leaving the immigrants to the tender mercies of the steamship companies was finally exposed and remedied largely through the efforts of Thurlow Weed. As a result of his vigorous exposure of the horrors of the immigrant boarding-house system, the state of New York took over the entire care of arriving immigrants, levied a per capita tax and out of the proceeds of the tax, erected the hospitals on Ward Island and established the great immigrant landing depot at Castle Garden. The first public welfare board in the United States was the Board of Immigration Commissioners of the State of New York, established, in the face of great opposition on the part of the shipping companies, by Thurlow Weed and his associates.

If the United States government with all its resources cannot take decent care of detained immigrants at Ellis Island, can any reasonable person believe that a score of different steamship companies representing a dozen different nationalities will be able to solve this insoluble problem? One thing is certain, if the federal authorities take this backward step and put the immigration situation where it was before 1847, the result will be a series of investigations and exposures worse than any that Thurlow Weed and the other good reformers of New York laid bare in the eighteen forties. We have seen the federal authorities sub-

ject the immigrants to almost every indignity, but the proposal to turn them back to the tender mercies of a miscellaneous lot of steamship companies is one that the most ardent restrictionist will hardly wish to accept.

The Return of Clio

MR. GLEASON'S discussion of the literary quality of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* serves to remind us of the decline and fall of history itself, from the high estate which it held in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In those days it divided with philosophy the dignity of being the chief object of intellectual pursuit, and it had the advantage over philosophy in its closer relation to literature. It furnished the natural subject matter for a literary enterprise of magnitude and distinction, of epic scope and grandeur. Gibbon himself when he purposed to devote his talent and industry to some work of enduring fame, never doubted that it should be historical. He hesitated between the history of Swiss liberty and the Florentine Republic, and records his final choice with all the eloquence of a great decision. "It was at Rome on the fifteenth of October 1764 as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol . . . that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." He adds the account of his effort to evolve the proper style, "the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation." The picturesque passages cited by Mr. Gleason were not achieved without effort. "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third."

In the same earnest fashion Gibbon's successors, to mention only Macaulay and Carlyle, found history the suitable substance for masterpieces. Both made history the characteristic medium of expression for what was most distinctive in their thought. "History is philosophy teaching by examples," wrote Macaulay. "A real prophetic manuscript," said Carlyle. "By its light alone can the present and the future be interpreted or guessed at." And partaking of the dignity of the prophetic office stand Grote, Napier, Lecky, Kinglake, Stanhope, Freeman, Froude. Possibly the most striking evidence of priority is the fact that through most of the nineteenth century the poet, novelist, or playwright intent on raising his work to a plane above that of entertainment, turned to history as a matter of course. Serious fiction was represented by the historical novel; and the abortive efforts to restore dignity to the stage by way of the poetic drama were marked by historical plays from Bulwer-Lytton to Tennyson.

One reason for the supremacy of history was undoubtedly the interest in politics and government in the eighteenth century. This appeal was strengthened by the fascination with the past which was a large part of the romantic movement. The

reason for its decline, is clearly its displacement by natural science, which after the publication of the *Origin of the Species* became not only the chief object of research, but extended its method to other studies, and more and more furnished the background of intellectual life and social culture. In the first place, science cast a certain disparagement upon history by virtue of its higher standard of accuracy. History owed much of its prestige to its claim of truth. Natural science made us familiar with severer tests, depending upon the fixed properties of matter rather than the shifting testimony of men. Again, science subjected the method of history to its own tests in the examination of evidence, and the weighing of testimony as to its capacity for truth; and in the scepticism which resulted in regard to his material the historian lost that faith which wrote epics. For the same reason the trust in history as a prophet or teacher diminished. After all the period of man is an infinitely small segment of world time, and biology teaches much more positive and imperative lessons in regard to his survival than the records of his own past. As a matter of self-preservation history became a department of science and this connection proved far less favorable for the literary value of history than its old alliance with philosophy. And finally natural science tended to change and color our whole civilization. It resulted in practical applications which fix a great gulf between us and the past, and which engage our attention to the present and make the past incomprehensible and a little ridiculous. In place of allusions and illustrations from history with which British and American eloquence used to be garnished, we have references to aeroplanes, radio, and Henry Ford. Serious plays and novels are today biological, or psychological, or sociological; and human history does not furnish Hardy with a background so rich in suggestion for his pessimism as does geology.

Thus deprived of its crown and reverence history has fallen upon evil days. After being deposed by science, and divorced by literature, it has been fain to accept the partnership of journalism, the temptation to which, indeed, lurked in Macaulay's ambition to be a best seller, and in the partisanship of the historians of the French Revolution. Today the outlook and technique of historical writing is largely determined by contemporary interest and taste. The pragmatic tendency to treat history by a process of selection and emphasis, in the effort of creating a usable past, has degenerated to the manufacture of propaganda. There could be nothing more derogatory to history than the unseemly wrangle at present going on as to the loyalty of certain historians—not loyalty to truth, but loyalty to the fetishes of nationalism. Even the department which used to be called sacred history has lost its sanctity and is submitted at the hands of popular instruc-

tors to what students call jazzing the Bible. Clio has indeed become a *musa meretrix*, with the complexion as well as with the morals of a whore.

In this situation, however, there are not wanting signs of promise. Clearly, the revival of history will depend not on the resumption of old pretensions but on the recognition of its true nature and limitations. The most serious attempt at this recognition has been made by Croce, and the fundamental element in Croce's opinion is that history cannot be a philosophy or a science because the data must always, even in the library of Lord Acton, be inadequate to the generalizations. "History," says Croce, "means concretion and individuality, law and concept mean abstraction and universality." This utterance is in obvious harmony with Mr. Wells's logic, in which he emphasizes the fact that there are no "identically similar objective experiences," "that all objective beings are individual and unique," "that counting, classification, measurement is untrue to the world of fact, and that the uniqueness of individuals is the objective truth." Probably Mr. Wells's own historical production is not the best justification of his view as applied to historical writing, but it points the way along which historians are marching. This does not mean a complete break with the past. History will still be a storehouse of material for science and philosophy though in itself it is neither. It will remain the substance of innumerable biographies though not a distillation of them. And in its pursuit of the concrete and individual history will become, is becoming, the matter of literature. Again it is Croce who remarks that history differs from art only in that it represents the real, art, the possible. It is as art that history will return to us; it is as artists that the historians of the past will survive. If by the aid of Mr. Griffith and his moving pictures, then more power to his camera. And to forestall eager contributors and correspondents who will be hot on Mr. Gleason's trail, we will say here that we are aware of the immense possibilities for pictorial representation in Macaulay and Carlyle, in Michelet and Guizot, in Prescott and Parkman.

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DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY
ALVIN JOHNSON

BRUCE BLIVEN
R. M. LOVETT

ROBERT LITTELL
STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS
DAVID FRIDAY

JOHN DEWEY
H. N. BRAILSFORD

R. H. TAWNEY
LEO WOLMAN

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Pinchot of Pennsylvania

FRIDAY, September 7, at Harrisburg, was a beautiful day for the breed of sensitive, soft-spoken men. That was the occasion when the burly-bodied, burly-minded gentlemen who represent the operators and the miners in the anthracite coal industry signed on the dotted line indicated by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who may be accurately described as their antithesis. It really was a very rare occasion; it would furnish a theme for some of our minor poets if they could bring themselves to see the romance and the drama that appear now and again in the interrelations of big industry and big politics.

About ten days earlier the representatives of the operators and the miners, who had been wrangling in contented leisure and futility for some weeks in Atlantic City and New York, appeared in Harrisburg in response to Governor Pinchot's summons. The natural as well as titular leader of the operators was Samuel D. Warriner, an excellent specimen of the keen, practical, hard-as-nails, wholly disillusioned business man who is a good fellow and a good sport. The natural as well as titular leader of the miners was John L. Lewis, one of the strongest types of American labor leaders, a man of great native force and shrewdness, of quite considerable education acquired painfully after maturity, of courage and self-reliance.

Had they not been polite, dignified men, they would have stood, arms linked, on the street in front of the Penn-Harris Hotel, opposite the State Capitol grounds, and guffawed. That was their mental state. It was obviously the mental state of those who reflected their views. Something more than a year ago they had entered the White House and stated their views unflinchingly to a President of the United States who was calling for a settlement of the strike then afflicting the country. And backed though he was by a great section of the press and by the vocal part of the public, they had left the White House to go on with their fight. Only a few days before they reached Harrisburg they had shown themselves entirely undisturbed in their leisurely wrangling by the discreet admonitions of the United States Coal Commission. Who was this Governor Pinchot that they should do more than render him the respect due his office, turn their backs, and go on their respective ways with the strike? He was the Governor of a big state to be sure, but they had dealt with the White House and had their will. And what was he other than an occupant of the gubernatorial chair? A man long accounted an altruistic dreamer who lately had won a spectacular political fight, but was yet to prove himself more a force than an accident.

How came it, then, that after ten days of attempted bargaining and angry mutterings, they signed on the dotted line? The answer is this: Pinchot has the power to think and to act in a straight line. The power to think and to act in a straight line is of course the power to be simple. And the power to be simple is the power to be daring. That, often true in ordinary relations, is almost invariably true in public affairs. Find the man in public life who has a reputation for daring, and a man is found who has a simple nature and simple character. Simplicity, of nature and of character, is Governor Pinchot's superlative possession. It is the biggest thing about him, and the best thing. It is the one thing that clearly distinguishes him.

When he ran for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania his greatest resource was his power to think in simple terms upon the issues, and to say to the voters in simple words: "Thus and so should be done. I promise to do it." That was daring in Pennsylvania politics, as it would be in politics anywhere. His greatest resource after he became governor and was dealing in the Legislature with the old gang was his power to think and to say simply: "You endorsed my promise to do thus and so, and I expect you to keep your promise." To say that and to mean it was daring in the Pennsylvania legislature, as in any legislature. And Pinchot won his big fights, nearly all of them.

When he came to deal with the operators and the miners, his power to think and to act in a straight line caught them unawares and gave him the benefit of a surprise attack. They expected the usual platitudes about the public's superior rights. His power to think in a straight line told him such platitudes would be a fraudulent gesture, and that if the public had rights, they included the right to a definite expression as to the settlement. And his power to think in a straight line also enabled him to make an award that neither side dared debate publicly with him. Finally, his power to think in a straight line told him that if the public, through him, was entitled to express an opinion as to the settlement, it was entitled to demand a straight answer. That stand destroyed the last refuge of his opponents. It prevented them taking his proposals off to Atlantic City or Philadelphia, to be played with and lost in the shuffle.

Governor Pinchot is one of two men who loom above all the other strong men of Pennsylvania's latter history; the other is Penrose, and strangely they loom together. The reason is that Pinchot has and Penrose had character in the larger sense: each evolved for himself a genuine, personal

philosophy of life. Penrose merited study by Dreiser at Dreiser's best, I believe, because there undoubtedly was one day in his life when he made a decision that ordinary men never approach. Penrose did not slump through life. There was a day when he, the aristocratic young reformer, walked up on a ridge, looked over life, concluded that reality was to be found only in materialism, and, having abundant courage, fashioned his life thereafter in materialism, and let the tongue of his old world wag. And one day, I believe, Pinchot made the deliberate decision that the only reality is a high spirit trained and disciplined by the daily taking of the hard, straight road. Both men undoubtedly faltered at times in their philosophies. Drunken men have sober moments and sober men drunken moments. There are those who think Penrose in his last years had periods of saddened introspection. Pinchot probably has weakened many times under the calls of ambition, affection, or other diverting emotions.

But this is true of him: He is one of the few men who have gone through nearly sixty years of full, strenuous living and are still rolling over in the dust of life's strife and turmoil, and yet have kept burning brightly a child-like faith that right is might, and that the one real thing is to be

positively and aggressively right. Such a faith would not be unusual had he led a cloistered life; there are many such. The point is that in a life filled to overflowing with conflict, he has kept that faith. It is the mark of a life built on a definite reasoned philosophy; it is that which has kept him from joining the innumerable caravan of "tired radicals." And he could so easily have become one of them, but for that philosophy which daringly accepts the challenges which life offers to him.

Looking at him, it seems incredible that he escaped passing through the sheerest dilettantism into wearied surrender. Only the hard lines of pain and struggle about the mouth and jaw tell another story. The forehead is broad, but it seems to roll away. The eyes are shy to the degree of vagueness. The voice tends toward thinness, and when he is not on guard his conversation drifts. His body is long and frail and bent forward. He walks on his toes and carries his hands half drooping in a tentative way. All in all, the first glance tells that nature was strongly disposed to make a sweet gazelle of him.

But he fights like a lion, does this shy, sensitive man, and he honors his breed.

JOHN W. OWENS.

What the Ordinary Frenchman Thinks

"OPINION is moving leftwards." Everybody feels it, and says so. And the uninitiated or the foreigner, hearing this phrase repeated, is apt to imagine that the coming elections will bring about a profound change in French politics. I fear this is only a pleasant illusion.

Without doubt there is in all classes a deep feeling of dissatisfaction, an almost universal discontent and unrest. Three problems fill people's minds: German payments, the budget deficit, and the cost of living. The National Bloc majority is bitterly reproached because, in the course of four years, it has failed to solve one of these problems; indeed, it is accused of having aggravated the difficulties. Certainly, if the elections were to be fought on these three issues there would be a Left majority at the Palais Bourbon in 1924, with a policy wholly different from that of the present Chamber. But here is the point: Big Business, powerfully organized, is doing its utmost to prevent the election from turning on those three problems. It will probably succeed.

Everybody knows that the 1919 election was financed by the Union des Intérêts Economiques. At that time Big Business—banks, metallurgical, textile and chemical federations, etc.,—immensely enriched by war profits, terrified by the power of

the workers' organizations (the General Confederation of Labor then had two million paying members), anxious to secure a Chamber which would neither squeeze their war profits nor upset their expansionist European policy, established a well-filled war chest with a completely organized press and propaganda. There was an "electoral machine" on the American model, with M. Millebrand as inventor and director.

At the same time the electoral law was altered. Instead of a system of single-member constituencies, the list system was introduced in departments. The old constituencies were small, the cost of a campaign relatively modest. Every member was personally known to his constituents; he was obliged to take a clear line on burning questions. In the long run he often succeeded in securing a group of supporters who gave him a certain assurance of stability. If rather too much interested in the parish pump, he could be independent of the great "interests." The Parliamentary majority was apt to be composed of democratically-minded men of petit bourgeois stamp; its views were fairly clear; it was sensitive to public opinion. Under the new system of constituencies extending over a whole administrative department, the candidate is unknown to nine-tenths of his constituents. His name stands with six or seven others on a joint list on

which, to win more votes, men of very different views and position are united. Personalities and programs are effaced and attenuated. Finally, election expenses are considerably increased; this does not mean that all the candidates must be rich, but candidates on democratic lists have to get the support of the great industrial federations with well-filled war-chests. So the Union des Intérêts Economiques played an important part in drawing up most of the electoral lists in 1919. And, in order to unite on a single list men of very different origin and views, it raised before their eyes the spectre of Bolshevism. French walls were covered with a picture of "the man with a knife between his teeth."

The "machine" was a complete success. The National Bloc majority allowed the government to break the railway strike by illegal methods, omitted to enforce the collection of taxes on war profits, favored a foreign policy of military expansion and secret treaties, made easy the return of the religious teaching orders, let the Royalists play the part of the spoilt children of the republic. Has not a Royalist writer, Jacques Bainville, declared triumphantly: "France is the most reactionary country in the world"?

True, the masses of the people, urban and rural, who have remained democratic at heart, are disturbed by the authority regained by the priests, the Royalists, and the militarists. They are surprised that nothing is done to lower the cost of living. They wonder what their taxes are likely to be if, by ill-luck, Germany does not pay. Their rulers know that Germany will not pay, that, in any case, payments will not for a long time do anything to balance the budget, that an immense fiscal effort will have to be imposed on the tax-payers, and that fresh burdens, coming on the top of the continuous slump (which afflicts the small employers) and the high cost of living (which afflicts the workers), involve the risk of serious disturbances. Faced with this, the great "interests" have split. There are at present two schools of thought.

The views of the first were conceived on definitely Fascist lines. To begin with, the elections were to be postponed more or less indefinitely—until Germany had paid. Since the Chamber would, in these circumstances, lack any authority, it was to be supported by a sort of professional Parliament or States General, from which the unions were to be excluded. If they grumbled they were to be dealt with. The "Camelots du Roi" would serve for that. On the eve of the Ruhr occupation, a lively propaganda in favor of this plan was going on in a certain section of the press; but although the government (notably, M. Millerand, M. Poincaré, M. Maginot and M. Colrat) was obviously sympathetic, the movement failed because of its blatantly Royalist complexion. This is repugnant to the middle classes as well as to the workers.

The Union des Intérêts Economiques, with its

"boss," Senator Billiet, broke right away from the Royalist tribe, Daudet, Maurras, etc. The Comité Républicain du Commerce et de l'Industrie (another great electoral "machine"), which seemed at first to be flirting with them, detached itself. It means to remain true to Republican traditions. In case of need it will pose as the defender of democracy against Fascist reaction. More hopeful than their colleagues in the textile and engineering federations, the members of this body think it possible—and cleverer—to play the game of Big Business in league with the Left rather than the Right. They wish the elections to take place in an orderly way at the appointed date.

They have merely taken two precautions. First, the maintenance of the 1919 electoral system, with its large constituencies and its voting by list, which requires their financial support and their secret control. Second, the removal from the electors of the all too burning questions of German payments, taxation, and the high cost of living. On these the electors might send a stiff-necked majority to the Palais Bourbon, one capable of changing the present policy.

Hitherto the fiscal question has been evaded. Since peace was signed the state has been spending fifty milliard francs a year and getting twenty milliards from the tax-payers; it has borrowed thirty milliards, at the rate of two milliards, in Treasury bonds per month. At this rate M. Bokanowski, reporter to the Budget Commission, calculates that, in two years, interest on the debt will absorb the whole yield of the taxes. That cannot go on. If the problem were stated in these terms to the electors, they would probably return an anti-Poincaré majority. But the government has got the budget voted for two years. Thus, senators and deputies need not speak of the deficit and of new taxes. Nor the press either. It is hoped that the electors will think no more of them. Does not the budget for 1923, in which a few months ago a deficit of three milliards was expected, suddenly show a credit balance of eight hundred millions? And if it should happen that some rather defiant citizen asks how the 1925 budget is to be made to balance, the reply is ready: "The Ruhr occupation will provide the means."

This is the supreme trick of the coming elections. The man in the street regards the French troops in Essen solely from the financial point of view. He knows that if Germany does not pay reparations he will have to. He has been persuaded that Germany and its industrial magnates can pay, that if they do not it is simply a case of dishonesty, and that the occupation, if it lasts, will certainly compel them. The public believes that because it wishes it. Thus the government kills two birds with one stone by postponing fresh taxes: it avoids fiscal discontent, and gains approval for its Ruhr policy.

When the problem is thus stated there is no candidate of the Left wing parties who will dare to speak openly against the occupation, for he would seem to be encouraging the Germans not to pay, and he would be accused of wanting to place the burden of reparations on the electors' shoulders. Moreover, if he were tempted to take that line, he would get no help from the funds of the Union des Intérêts Economiques, and no place on their lists. In view of the enormous expense of a campaign in the present large constituencies, few Left wing candidates will take the risk.

Only the Socialists and Communists will be able to stand out against the occupation of the Ruhr, the deficit, and the high cost of living. For the government this is ideal. In France party organization is very weak. Parties are numerous and much split up; there are at least a dozen. They ask only very small subscriptions of their members, and those are often not paid. Parties are composed of small groups of militants, whose number and color are known beforehand. The whole interest of the struggle consists in knowing what side the amorphous mass of electors enrolled in no party will take. They do not vote on party programs, but according to their momentary impressions. Nevertheless they cling to a few obstinate prejudices. The great majority are small peasant proprietors, small shopkeepers, and small employers. They hate with an almost equal loathing Royalism, which they regard as the rule of the squire and priest, the enemies of their freedom, and Socialism or Communism, which they regard as a menace to their property. The moment any view is held by the extreme Right or the extreme Left they come to regard it as a personal menace. Their votes are piled up against it with the blind vehemence of instinct. If, therefore, the government can so work things that the *sole* candidates who bluntly oppose the occupation of the Ruhr, the deficit, and the high cost of living are Socialists or Communists, victory is in its hands. It may be thought that the violent hatreds and solemn bans pronounced last year by the various Socialist and Communist groups against one another have made the cleavage plain enough to be seen by the man in the street. But it must be remembered that the differences have been partly reconciled; it is difficult for the elector to distinguish between two sections of the same party when both declare themselves opposed to the Ruhr policy; and, moreover, the idea of a united front is gaining ground among the Socialists, thus making an agreement with the middle-class Radicals more difficult. On the other hand, the Union des Intérêts Economiques has duly warned the latter that it will not support lists which include Socialists, even if they are anti-Communists. Thus the Left Republicans are paralyzed, both by lack of funds and by the fear of being confused with revolutionaries. The

recent by-election in Seine-et-Oise gave a good illustration of the manoeuvres of the Nationalist bloc. By offering the Radical, Franklin-Bouillon, a place on the Nationalist list in the second ballot, it prevented Radicals and Socialists from joining and securing a majority; captivated by the Right, he made only vague statements regarding a Left wing policy, and said nothing against the occupation of the Ruhr.

"One must always govern in opposition to someone," said Gambetta. "The ideal condition is to have an adversary with prestige but little power." Communism has ceased to be a danger in France, but it still inspires fear. That is why the government uses it as a jumping-board.

The parties of the Left will enter the struggle without a clear program. Doubtless the central committees will adhere to the custom of publishing at the beginning of the election proclamations of principles which will mention in general terms reconciliation between nations, the agreement to be sought among the Allies, equality in taxation, and the struggle against the profiteers, etc. First and foremost they will speak of anti-clericalism, the defence of the secular school, etc. But experience shows that declarations do not bind candidates.

In fact, the government, by getting the budget passed for two years, has turned the electors' minds from the fear of immediate taxes, and in so doing has deprived the Left wing parties of their most effective means of influencing public opinion. The occupation of the Ruhr, apparently a means of relieving the citizens of heavy fiscal burdens, will not be opposed. The maintenance of the list system and the fear of seeming to ally themselves with revolutionaries will make the Radicals water down their programs still further. Thus, even if the Left wing candidates secure a majority in the Chamber, the coming elections will not greatly alter the course of French policy.

One condition is essential to the success of the plan outlined here. The people must retain their confidence that the Ruhr occupation will enable them to avoid fresh taxes. For that purpose *the occupation must continue at least until June 1924.* M. Léon Daudet, who is generally in the government's confidence, declares confidently that this will happen. And M. Poincaré announces in every note that he will evacuate the Ruhr only step by step as Germany pays. As he is well aware that the Reich is less and less in a position to pay, he is perfectly calm. All he has to do is to resist British pressure for another year. We may expect him to exert all his great tenacity to that end. For to give way in the Ruhr question would mean that the ruling group would destroy the illusion by which it lives, and run the risk of being swept away at the coming elections. It would rather break with all the Allies than commit suicide.

FRANCIS DELAISI.

The Woman's Party—Right or Wrong?

I. THE WOMAN'S PARTY IS WRONG

I HAVE long been among the admirers of Alice Paul and from time to time I have been among her followers. Joan of Arc is my private name for her; and the name is no mere hyperbole, for she has the initiative, the singleness of aim, the persistence, and the capacity for self-immolation, which characterized that peerless figure of history. Further, like the Maid of Orleans, Miss Paul in the earlier stages of her career dedicated her great gifts to the fulfillment of a great purpose.

Leaders such as Alice Paul are sure to attract to themselves a notable following. And despite the fact that the tactics of the militants for the most part set my teeth on edge, I never doubted that, as a climax to the years and years of patient spade work of the old line suffragists, militancy made a potent contribution to winning Votes for Women.

But brilliant fighters, like other mortals, have the defects of their qualities, and especially are they inclined to keep up the battle after the citadel is won. This is what in my judgment accounts for the unlovely anti-man note which one hears too often from members of the still militant group. And perhaps it accounts too for the lack of social vision which characterizes their present activities.

There was a period, after Votes for Women had been won, when the group now organized as the National Woman's party was uncertain what to do next, and certain only that they wanted to do something militantly. Thus Miss Paul, with her peerless qualities of leadership, had an instrument forged to her hand, which might have been used by her to champion any one of half a dozen liberalizing causes. But here her genius forsook her. What she did was to adopt a ringing war-cry which may be construed to cover a multitude of incompatibles, and which is being construed, alas, by a sort of sleight of hand, to champion profoundly sinister forces. Worse still, by the insistence on splendid sounding generalities whose whole meaning depends on the particulars into which they are translated, the Woman's party is gathering into its ranks men and women whose every instinct should range them in the opposite camp.

"Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and in every place subject to its jurisdiction," is the constitutional amendment which the National Woman's party is urging. To the inexperienced, it sounds innocent and convincing. But how might such a constitutional provision affect women in some of their varied social relations? The official spokesmen of the party construe it as forbidding protective in-

dustrial legislation such as an eight-hour day and a minimum wage for women, unless such laws are applicable equally to men.

Equality, absolute equality between men and women in every human relation—how can such a proposition be translated into rational terms? What can equality mean between a new-made mother, too weak to raise her head from the pillow and with a thing of wonder at her breast, and the father, perhaps proud, perhaps brutally indifferent, whose physical powers have suffered no whit of deduction by the exercise of his function of creation? A "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," it will be agreed should be secured to every human being in a justly ordered world. But equality between the strong and the weak when they meet on competitive terms in the industrial struggle—when they seek to bargain for a living wage with a hard-fisted employer, too often would be to insure that the physically or strategically handicapped shall be driven to the wall.

It is of such complex situations that life is made up. It is inequalities and differentiations of function, organic to the structure of the universe, which the blanket amendment urged by the National Woman's party, ignores. And it is their proposed amendment, accepted in perfect innocence by most of its advocates, which is being seized by reactionaries to overthrow minimum wage laws, to imperil laws for the protection of motherhood, and similar bulwarks for the well being of the race. To such uses have Alice Paul and her brilliant followers lent their power.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

II. THE WOMAN'S PARTY IS RIGHT

We who fight till the world is free—
We take no ease in victory.

Whatever claims the Woman's party may make for itself in connection with its campaign for Equal Rights for Women, the claim to originality is not one of them.

The Conference of the party which voted to propose the Equal Rights amendment in Congress in December, met at Seneca Falls, New York, on July 20, 1923, exactly seventy-five years after the first woman's rights convention in America had assembled on the same spot, and had demanded for women Equal Rights in the franchise, in education, in industry, in the professions, in political office, in marriage, in control of property, in guardianship of children, in making contracts, in the church and in the single moral standard.

The feminist movement was, in its inception, and always has been a demand not merely for

equality in the franchise, but for equality in every field. Unfortunately, the space allotted to me does not permit any word about the interesting history of the Equal Rights movement. Suffice it to say, that interest was focussed on the demand for the vote during the discussion of the enfranchisement of the Negro after the Civil War. But throughout the struggle for the vote, the great leaders of the feminist movement did not for one instant lose sight of the broader aspects of the question of complete equality.

In the beginning of its career in 1913, the Woman's party concentrated upon the issue of the vote, because that issue was the one point in the Equal Rights program which was then before the public for decision. The campaign for the vote ended, the Woman's party at once entered upon the campaign of the rest of the Equal Rights program.

For the past two years, its women lawyers have been making a painstaking survey of the laws, constitutions and court decisions of every state in the union, wherever they touch upon the interests or status of women. For those who are aware of the results of this survey, and who are alive to the discriminatory treatment of women which is apparent in so many matters important and trivial throughout life, it is a little difficult to understand how any one can say that we "keep up the battle after the citadel is won." Neither is it apparent why any one should suppose that there was ever a period in which there was a shadow of doubt in the minds of the real feminist group in the country as to what they should do next after the suffrage victory. Nor do we know upon what ground our "cause" is excluded from the apparently charmed classification of "liberalizing causes."

This survey of laws has established the fact that every discrimination complained of by the women of 1848, except in the franchise, still exists in some part of the country today, and that many of them are practically universal. Except in the eight community property states, the services of the wife in the home are the property of the husband; in all but twelve states, prostitution is the act of the woman only and not of the man; practically everywhere women are paid less than men for the same work in both public and private employment. Even the more shocking inequalities still exist. In Georgia and Maryland, a father may will the children entirely away from the custody of the mother, and in Alabama he has the right to will away the child from the mother after it has reached the age of fourteen. In a number of states the father has a greater right than the mother to the control and guardianship of children, and to determine their education, their religious environment, etc. In Vermont and Georgia, a married woman's earnings belong legally to her husband and not to herself and may be seized by her husband's creditors to meet his

debts; in Florida, a husband is entitled to manage and control the wife's property; in Kentucky and Texas, the husband can obtain a divorce more easily than can the wife. Examples of similar discriminations against women might be multiplied.

For the past two years, the Woman's party has carried on strenuous and expensive campaigns in state legislatures, in the effort to bring to women equality through state action. While many people were declaring that there was in fact no need for an Equal Rights campaign, the Woman's party has conducted or participated in such campaigns in fifteen states, which have brought some improvement in the status of twenty-three million women. Bills increasing somewhat the guardianship rights of women over their children have been passed in Delaware, Ohio, New York, Mississippi, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Women's inheritance rights have been made more nearly equal to those of men in Delaware, Georgia, New York and Virginia. Women have been made eligible to hold office in Maryland, Louisiana, and (subject to ratification by popular vote) in Oklahoma. In Maine, women have been made eligible to jury service. A number of other Equal Rights reforms have been effected through the efforts of the Woman's party.

The demand for equality in industry is and always has been an integral part of the Equal Rights program. In making that demand, the Woman's party is advocating not the removal of protection, but the removal of the sex basis in protective laws. This equality in industry is already a reality to some extent in Scandinavian countries.

The proposal by the Woman's party of an amendment to the United States Constitution reading: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction," comes, therefore, only after two years of legal study and of legislative work. It comes, not as the announcement of a new and startling dream of a sensational mind, but as the inevitable conclusion of a struggle which has proceeded for seventy-five years, and which was concentrated into the suffrage channel for a time because of the obvious value of the power of the vote in the campaign for the remainder of the Equal Rights program. To the Woman's party it is a matter of no moment whether the program of complete equality attains fulfillment by state or by federal action. It is pursuing both methods.

If the mantle so long and so valiantly worn by the Equal Rights pioneers has fallen upon the shoulders of Alice Paul, surely no one knows better than she that it can bring to its wearer no rest and no reward, but only the comfortless satisfaction of a hard and tedious fight well fought for the eternal profit of the generations of the future.

CAROL A. REHFISCH.

Arc Lights and Blood

Ringside Notes at the Dempsey-Firpo Fight

OVERHEAD, the cool black star-dusted dome of a glorious autumn night is shut out and forgotten; for we who have gathered here in this great place have other business on foot than beauty and peace. There are, as all the newspapers will proudly tell tomorrow, 86,000 of us; and we have paid a million and a quarter dollars to see—what we shall see.

We have come straggling in, stumbling through long dim passages of steel and concrete, up a runway at last and out into the open air again and the terrible presence of the Phenomenon: ourselves; each other. A vast shallow platter of people, like a serving of shad roe spread thin, dusted with confetti and then magnified a million times. A crowd frightened by its own bulk: a natural phenomenon like a forest fire or a tidal wave, irresistible and majestic for all it is so inert.

We are in a great elongated oval, flat in the centre and rising all about, with row on row of seats, another great gallery above, running half way about the horizon, and higher still a regiment of flag poles, with a clean American flag on every one, barely seen against the black night with its stars. We have cut off the sky with arc lights: hundreds of them, blazing down upon us as we sit and wait. They are thickest and fiercest of all in the centre of the space, where stands the clean, empty "ring," a squared circle of virginal white canvas, fenced with double ropes of equal purity. It is roofed with searchlights, pointing down, cutting cleanly through the light haze of tobacco smoke which drifts on the north wind. At the four corners, just below the lamps, are clusters of huge drooping bronze lilies. They are amplifiers, lending their magic wings to the voice of the announcer, a plump middle aged gentleman who throws his arms wide, supplicating a quiet he is not to get. From the 86,000 rises a slow surf of sound. Each one contributes but a little, yet the aggregate is a tremendous volume of noise through which no amplifier can cut.

The great event which we have come to see may last but a dozen seconds; and to make sure that we have had our money's worth, we are first to be treated to a dull two hours of the same thing badly done: parody before poem, to accentuate the latter's merits.

Two boys in bathrobes have climbed into opposite corners of the ring. Half a dozen civilians, truculent and sporting in their racy-looking caps have bobbed in and bobbed out again. With one sudden jerk, all the lights are out save those above

the little arena. Over the great crowd sitting in darkness runs a flicker of fireflies as match after match is lighted.

In that hot white place, the two boys are now dancing about, stripped to clean white running pants and canvas shoes. Their bodies gleam pink and soft in the blazing light; when one darts his wine red glove at the other's face it is with the motion of a kitten striking at a ball upon a string.

Between two breaths, the noise of the crowd has risen to a great high pitched shout. One boy has thrust with all his might, has caught the other on the jaw and sent him toppling to the floor. Instantly the alert referee, who has been hopping about with assiduity, bends over him, and pumps one arm up and down, with elbow stiff: The whole crowd counts with him, a crashing crescendo of sound: "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight!" Then, the pandemonium slacks a little, for he is up again, he goes on. In our absorption we make a little pool of silence so that the sound of blows is audible, like the noise of some one chopping wood far away across water.

This is all very well; but it is not what we came to see. We are here for The Battle of the Century—every real fight is the Battle of the Century, the press agent has told us so. We are here to see the Nordic race defend itself against the Latin; or if you read Sporting Expert B instead of Sporting Expert A it is white man against Indian. At the very least, it is Grizzly Bear Jack against Wild Luis, the Pampas Bull.

After interminable hours of boxing comes a quick wild commotion far off at one side. The Challenger is coming in. A phalanx of police elbows a way for him and he follows, tall, tousle-headed, in a checkered bath robe. He walks with eyes downcast, like one in meditation, perhaps in prayer. We are all at once made conscious of the alien minority among the 86,000. Ladies appear here and there, beautifully clad, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting—in Spanish, no doubt, if one could hear above the general din.

Before this acclamation has died away, a new roar, even louder. Yonder comes Champion Jack. He also is tousled, but is bathrobeless, a white sweater across his shoulders, its collar standing up behind his head. He bobs along, brisk and efficient, a distinguished visiting surgeon, called in for a special, delicate operation. Then in a moment he is in the ring, and you see how wrong was this impression. He is a Robot, an excited Robot, bent on mischief. He dances lightly on

his toes, as though he were full of springs; he wriggles his great arms and superhuman shoulders.

The ring is momentarily full of little frantic photographers, and then they scurry through the ropes and only the principal and officials are left standing in a knot in the centre. Above the tallest towers the Challenger, looking out and up across the throng to the silent stars. Certainly there is nothing about him to justify that absurd nickname. His great face is serious and anxious; but the anxiety has nothing hostile about it. It is the countenance of a small boy called up before the school to recite when he knows he is not prepared.

The brief conference is over, the officials have followed the photographers down into the feverish activity of the quadrangle where two hundred newspaper men are sending every scrap of fact over the wires to thousands of offices, while others, speaking into transmitters with painfully clear articulation, picture the scene before them for a million listeners on the radio. The lights above the spectators go out again as the monstrous, nearly naked figures advance toward one another. Your heart pumps madly in that instant as they hang upon the brink of battle. Though you care not at all which man wins or loses, yet you are caught up nevertheless in the vast emotion of the crowd. For there is drama here, despite the press agent's blurring. These men are deciding their own fates, by means of brute strength and rather more than brute cunning. We soft civilized men, who flinch from pain, will watch these non-flinchers with a fascination in which horror is perhaps dominant, as they wade unmindful through seas of agony to the preconceived goal.

There is food here for philosophers; but no philosopher can stop for contemplation with the roar of 86,000 frenzied men and women buffeting his ears. The gladiators are at it now. Here is no such perfunctory work as we have seen earlier in the evening. These blows are meant to kill, and, by the gods! they seem likely to have that effect. Suddenly the whole vast arena full of people is on its feet. The roar has deepened, drowning out all noise from the ring; these pink figures in their desperate dance might be the shadows of the cinematograph. Suddenly they leap apart. The Challenger is down on one knee, the solicitous referee over him, a white arm performing its inevitable pumphandle.

We all count together, while the hurt man waits, looking up under his eyebrows at his opponent. When the count reaches seven he rises and the fight goes on. In a moment he is down again—up, and down again, all in the midst of a Niagara of hoarse inarticulate sound from the rest of us. Suddenly, the roar turns to a scream: Luis the Challenger, has struck Jack the Champion a mighty blow, and as he reels, has followed it up while he staggers back to the side: *left, right, left*, and then the sagging ropes have separated and

the hero slips between them and headfirst into the lap of a ringside newspaperman. Before the referee has counted six, he is back again in the ring, white and frightened, tottering like one poisoned. His opponent comes at him to take advantage of the golden moment for a coup de grace; but somehow, for a reason which will be disputed for long years to come, he is unable to repeat his fearful thrust. The willingness is there; the mighty muscles are there; but the thing does not happen. A few seconds and the bell has rung. The championship, the fame and at least a million dollars have slipped from him.

While anxious helpers throw cold water in the faces of these half unconscious men, the 86,000 slump exhausted in their seats. Strangers shout to one another above the din that by God! it was the greatest round ever seen in any ring since time began. These confidences are broken off as the bell rings once more, and we leap up with the fighters as they go forward. In hardly more than an instant, we perceive that the fight is over. The Challenger is a broken man. He must now play the part, after all not unappropriate, of an ox in a bungled butchery. He is down; he is up and feebly exchanging blows; then suddenly he throws his arms abroad in desperation and sinks upon his back. So obviously does that languid form spell despair and disintegration that the ringside has clambered through the ropes before the referee has even pumped the fatal "Ten!" Admirers leap upon the Champion, who is the only one in all the throng at all concerned about helping the broken Challenger to his feet and to his corner.

The 86,000 are roaring louder than ever, but already there is the sourness of diminuendo in it. Rapidly the avalanche of noise dwindles into a mere talking, each with his neighbor. Exultant successful bettors signal with their fingers to friends seen afar off in the crowd. Disappointed ones snarl to the empty air. As the lights go on again, an airplane grinds its way through the black sky above our heads and achieves the ultimate abomination of electric advertising signs spread forth upon the under surface of its wings.

The silver cord is loosed; we who have been one multiple-headed monster have fallen apart into human personalities once more. We have seen men act as we imagine our Cro-Magnon ancestors may have done, and now we slide hastily down the centuries to a world of taxicabs, police whistles and tonight's edition of tomorrow morning's paper. We tell each other with proud arithmetic that Jack got \$2,110 for each second he was in the ring. "That's makin' money, boy!" we observe to total strangers as we elbow one another on the way out. We may have come in a mood for blood; but if so, we have had our fill of it. We are financiers, as we crowd through the passages and go our ways under the high quiet stars.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Is America Europe?

SOME years ago when I was editing a magazine called *The Seven Arts*, I was confronted by an attitude which it hardly seems proper to mention now. That was before the war. And at that time it seemed insulting to many people to speak of America as being spiritually colonial. Now there are men ready to fling a glove in your face if you say there is such a thing as Americanism.

I think particularly of one of the editors of a highly literary importing magazine. This young man pooh-poohs the idea of an American national art. America, he says, is a province of Europe. We are Europeans who have moved next door. We simply veneer our Europeanism with a little American slang, Indian names, local color, and think we are another civilization.

Sandburg is a Swede, Whitman was Dutch-English . . .

Which explains why we imitate the imported art. Nay, more, why our young men and young women take up residence in London, Paris and Rome. And what is even more important, why every new art movement in Europe is hailed as a harbinger and herald of a new age of art, instead of the phosphorescence and sultry explosions of decay.

Europe is weary. That booming, organ-sounding structure of Christ Church, had its Gothic bloom; until the very Devil it had suppressed whispered in its ear and tempted it with the new Tree of Knowledge. Science and Art were its Anti-Christ, its Nietzschean Samsons shaking the great pillars until there came the crash of the Great War. That was the beginning of disintegration. The arts showed it. Painting ran headlong into Cubism and literature into Expressionism. Why? To end the spiritual demolition. Raze it to the ground, destroy it utterly, so orders the soul of Europe. It is right. The new Europe, whose cradle may be Russia, must have a clear air and room, plenty of room.

When I was in London I saw in the midst of a crowded and speedy gutter a lonely house which blocked traffic. I asked Lansbury why it wasn't pulled down. "Special grant of Parliament three hundred years ago; and now Parliament is too busy to bother repealing a little act like that." That is much of Europe. The traffic is blocked by tradition. There must be demolition. Many things believed in, many things that were good, have turned evil in the hour of destruction. For all these things are a prison for the soul of Europe, in need of an age beyond Christianity.

It was clear-sighted then of T. S. Eliot to say of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, "It does not mark the

beginning of a new era, but the end of an old."

Very well. Then what is the matter with T. S. Eliot? Why is he world-weary? Why is he in a Waste Land? What ails our Cubistic Waldo Frank? Why does the Freeman depend on the Oxford Dictionary? Why doesn't the Dial export as well as import? Why is Anderson a post-Russian grown inarticulate and making his characters go naked in small town streets? Why is Gertrude Stein?

These people are Americans. What right has an American to be world-weary?

My son, who is sixteen, read Wassermann and became world-weary just long enough to turn out a little Wassermannian novel. But he was too young. He didn't know the trick of holding the pose. He has come out of it.

Do we really dare to maintain that this country isn't any different from Europe? I don't mean better, or even worse; I mean different. Why, even Germany is different from France, and they have the same boundary line. Russia and England are both a part of Europe, and they are psychologically poles apart. Will any one maintain that a hundred million people, severed from Europe by an ocean, and built up out of a pioneer environment, which furnished a unique experience for white men, is not even more different from Europe, than one European nation from another? Rubbish! We are a new people . . .

I watched two European psychologists, one of them great, the other excellent, react to America. They knew Europeans. They had psycho-analyzed many. They had traveled; they were cultivated. The excellent one said, "You have a young libido. It is the age of adolescence. Anything is possible. Greatness, destruction. It intoxicates me. Such energy! It is like Niagara pouring out!" The other one felt himself renewed. He made reservations. He said, "The mind of Europe is deep; that of America, expansive." But he thought of moving over here, and beginning anew.

It is true. We are not deep; we *are* dynamic. We are not wise with the wisdom of age; but there is also a wisdom of youth. And we are actually (terrible fact to the colonials) without spiritual traditions. Where are those traditions? The Red Men destroyed some of them. Naked living in new lands destroyed others. Every wave of immigration broke one tradition against another. We have lip-service traditions, but none of the soul. One must wear a mask in this country in order to get the idea of community of spirit. Ku Kluxism is a miserable failure to make Americans of them all; that is, Americans of tradition.

Where is the Old South? Where old New

England? Where is aristocratic old New York? Where even is the pioneer tradition of California? Has it moved to the movies in Hollywood? Scarcely.

And where is Christianity? We boom it up. We start Forward movements. We have Y drives. We put Billy Sunday on the trail. Nothing works. Christianity in America has no depth. It has become, not a religion, but a system of behavior and of getting on.

Where a whole people feels it necessary to adopt a uniform exterior, it is plain enough that this is to cover the isolation each one feels. There are too many seeds of difference, of individualism. That is why Whitman could say, "I sing the word En Masse; and I sing the Individual." "Produce Great Persons, the rest follows."

But I am not trying to defend America. It is young; it is half barbarous; it is collectively servile; it is anything you want. But it is not Europe. It is not old. It is not weary. It is

not poor. It is not mortised in tradition. It has not had its soul shattered by war. It is not Christ or Satan. It is nothing, and everything.

If America wants great art, it had best look into the seeds grown on this soil. Out of this soil sprang Leaves of Grass, and this grass is fresh and green and covers a continent. It is the fodder for our artists. We need no period of demolition: no Nietzsche, no James Joyce, no Cubists. When we migrated over the job was done. We need, not to break a tradition, but to live out its great beginnings.

Are we then to be national and resist foreign influence? That would be ridiculous, as well as impossible. When Goethe was young the German artists cut themselves off from French spiritual domination, and produced a German literature. Every European influence is in it; yet it is German because they turned to their task. And that is all we need to have our great period of the arts.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

Gibbon and the Movies

SIMEON STRUNSKY once wrote of his friend, Professor William P. Jones, who danced the whole of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in a series of matinées extending over two weeks. The first two volumes were danced in slow time. But with the story of the barbaric invasions in the third volume, Professor Jones's interpretation took on a fury that was almost bacchantic. The sack of Rome was pictured in a tempest of somersaults. "A certain obscure passage in the life of Attila the Hun, which had long puzzled the scholars, was for the first time made clear to the average man when Professor Jones, standing on one foot, whirled round rapidly in one direction for five minutes, and then, instantly reversing himself, spun round for ten minutes in the opposite direction."

Professor Jones danced it, but Gibbon calls for different treatment, calls, as no other, for the motion picture. I want to meet David Wark Griffith and talk Gibbon with him. A dozen women are waiting, headed by Zenobia, and many men and happenings. These events, these persons, exist in source books, and have been described by many writers. It is in the color, the panoply, the music, of their presentation that the quality of Gibbon shows itself. In the turn of difference lies all the richness of his book. Hear the drip and splash of water on marble and silver in the baths of Diocletian and Caracalla:

"The Egyptian granite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins, through so many wide mouths

of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might excite the envy of the Kings of Asia."

Feel the wind blow on a sunny day round the son of Constantine:

"In a time of profound peace, he was encompassed by the glittering arms of the numerous squadrons of his guards and cuirassiers."

And after fourteen hundred years, this gift to Nushirvan from the King of India is still fragrant:

"Ten quintals of the wood of aloes, a maid seven cubits in height, and a carpet softer than silk, the skin, as it was reported, of an extraordinary serpent."

It is precisely in this difference that Gibbon needs rendering by some medium that can transfer the vibration. Such a sentence quivers to be released from the page to the screen as this:

"They (the Huns) advanced, by a secret path, along the shores of the Caspian Sea; traversed the snowy mountains of Armenia; passed the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Halys; recruited their weary cavalry with the generous breed of Cappadocian horses; occupied the hilly country of Cilicia, and disturbed the festal songs and dances of the citizens of Antioch. Egypt trembled at their approach; and the monks and pilgrims of the Holy Land prepared to escape their fury by a speedy embarkation."

Gibbon was aware of the nature of his material and of his own method of picture-making. He pauses, for instance, in his Persian chapters, to speak of "the moving picture of the dynasties of the East." Galloping pursuit, stately proces-

sion, the lonely figure silhouetted against immensity, the close-up of rich detail; color, motion, and passion—these are the stuff from which the movie shapes its dream. Its genius is in one gesture to give the epitome of a life and a period and a race. Here are six gestures in search of a director, and a "still" or two, beside:

"Valentinian, drawing his sword, the first sword he had ever drawn, plunged it in the breast of a general who had saved his empire."

Attila "lay encamped at the place where the slow-winding Mincius is lost in the foaming waves of the Lake Benacus, and trampled, with his Scythian cavalry, the farms of Catullus and Virgil."

"So rapid was the pursuit, that the Avars almost entered the golden gate of Constantinople with the flying crowds."

"The Holy Cedars, erect under the weight of snow."

"By the arms of Zingis and his descendants, the globe was shaken from China to Poland and Greece; the sultans were overthrown; the caliphs fell, and the Caesars trembled on their throne."

"The camels of the Koreishites were laden with a precious cargo of aromatics."

Constantine reigned after his own death. His body, adorned with purple and diadem, rested on a golden bed in the palace. The high officers of the empire with bended knees approached his person and offered their homage.

Sapor, the Persian, reigned before he was born. His mother, in the days preceding his birth, lay in state, with the diadem of his kingship, and "the prostrate satraps adored the majesty of their invisible and insensible sovereign."

The motion picture is only a fluttering episode, unless it renders time and space—time, the flowing ribbon of event, and space, the spreading background.

Here is time, seeping at Palmyra:

"The seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length a miserable village."

And here is space on the desert, with its sun and moon and fixed stars, encompassing Mahomet:

"The school of the Arabs was a clear firmament and a naked plain. . . . The character of eternity is marked on these solid globes, that seem incapable of corruption or decay. . . . Safety reposes in the heart of the burning solitude."

Somewhere between this vastness of space, and this unfolding of event, reality is caught in little human things, as when Attila sat in state. The crowd of vulgar kings, the leaders of so many martial tribes, were ranged in the submissive order of guards and domestics round the person of their master. The great hall of the banquet "resounded with loud and licentious peals of laughter. In the

midst of this intemperate riot, Attila alone, without a change of countenance, maintained his steadfast and inflexible gravity." Then Irnac, the youngest of his sons and the favored of prophecy, entered; and Attila, the Hun, "embraced the boy with a smile of paternal tenderness, gently pinched him by the cheek, and betrayed a partial affection."

It would be absurd to talk of these matters with a commercial director, but, several times, Griffith has shown a fine spacious scene, and never lost the person in the splendid pageant. Antonina, Placidia, Pulcheria, Honoria, Maria, Eudocia, Valeria—if these orphans of the storm do not content him there is always Zenobia. "She governed with manly counsels Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years." She equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra. She mastered the language, and was familiar with history and poetry. As a warrior she was heroic, sometimes marching on foot at the head of her troops. Her power was broken by the Emperor Aurelian, and she was led in triumph through Rome.

"The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot, in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome."

The greatest sketch in Gibbon is that of Athanasius. In him, Gibbon observed what effect may be produced and what obstacles may be surmounted, by the force of a single mind, when it is inflexibly applied to the pursuit of a single object. "The immortal name of Athanasius will never be separated from the Catholic doctrine of the trinity, to whose defence he consecrated every moment and every faculty of his being." He reigned on the spiritual throne of Egypt for above forty-six years, and he was fitted for the temporal government of a great monarchy. "He preserved a distinct and unbroken view of a scene which was incessantly shifting." Degraded and exiled, he sailed to Constantinople and boldly encountered his angry sovereign, Constantine, as he passed on horseback—"a better subject for a picture than most of the stories of miracles and martyrdoms."

The new emperor, Constantius, drove Athanasius into the deserts of Thebais for over six years. These deserts were peopled by a race of wild yet submissive fanatics, who preferred the commands of their abbot to the laws of their sovereign. "The monasteries of Egypt were seated in lonely and desolate places, on the summit of mountains, or in the islands of the Nile; and the sacred horn or trumpet of Tabenne was the well-known signal which assembled several thousand robust and determined monks." Among this uniform multitude, Athanasius was safely lost. The Emperor filled the Roman world with his power, but could not reach this man. "Counts, prefects, tribunes, whole

armies, were successively employed to pursue a bishop and a fugitive."

Athanasius secretly entered Alexandria, and was concealed in the house of a virgin, only twenty years of age, celebrated in the whole city for her exquisite beauty. At the hour of midnight he came, directed by a celestial vision. She conducted him into her inmost chamber, supplied him with books and provisions and managed his correspondence. In her old age, she still remembered with pleasure so pious and honorable a connection.

After his visits to his fair and faithful friend, when the pursuit drew close, Athanasius returned to the depth of his inaccessible retreat in the desert, and poured out his epistles to the world, which made him the greatest pamphleteer of all time. The Roman Emperor could suppress revolts and vanquish hostile legions, but "received from an invisible hand a wound, which he could neither heal nor revenge."

And yet another Emperor, Julian, aimed the full imperial power at this single man, and could only exile him, but could not silence him. On the death of the Apostate, the intrepid veteran of the faith, at the age of seventy, issued from the retreat and resumed the archiepiscopal throne. Having survived five emperors and five exiles, he ruled for ten more years over the Catholic Church, completely his reign of forty-seven years.

Many years later, Gibbon wrote:

"The portrait of Athanasius is one of the passages of my history with which I am the least dissatisfied."

In saying that each of the seventy-one chapters is bright with moving pictures, one fails to illustrate the range of cadence from sonority to the single beat of the modern sentence. Here is the way a modern would like to write if he could:

"The wines of Shiraz have triumphed over the law of Mahomet."

"The fierce giants of the north broke in, and mended the puny breed."

And this is a sentence for marble:

"The vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust; but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument."

And the picture at one stroke—"Whilst the caliph Walid sat idle." Fat, squat, helpless, sunk in the dream of Asia, those swollen *w, l, d*, sounds, falling on Walid, deepen his sleep. But the freshets of April leap through *a, l, p*, in this—"The Lake Apolloniates, the reservoir of all the springs of Mount Olympus." This buried magic of vowel and liquid lies at the root of beauty. If the film goes dark, just here, then it is the business of the director to call on the stringed instruments for help. How else, but with a worthy orchestra can this be given:

"The chosen squadrons of the Huns, wheeling round in measured evolutions, chanted a funeral

song to the memory of a hero, glorious in his life, invincible in his death, the father of his people, the scourge of his enemies, and the terror of the world."

In these notes, it is impossible to document qualities, of which three thousand pages are the proof. I can say only this. Gibbon practises that virtue of impartiality, of which he writes:

"It is unworthy of a philosopher to wish that any opinions and arguments the most repugnant to his own should be concealed from the knowledge of mankind."

When he dislikes a man, as he dislikes Constantine, he presents him in all his strength and glory. And on his favorite, Julian, he heaps the human littleness, including the populous beard, which truth-telling compelled. Against war, tyranny, and fanatical zeal, Gibbon directed the march of his legions. In his own cool detached way, but continually, he protested the exploitation of the weak, and expressed pity for obscure people. He who fought the slave trade as a citizen, exposed in his writing the age-long slavery of the human race. He revered "the freedom of the mind, the source of every generous and rational sentiment."

The fertile talent that gave us "Intolerance" should render for millions of Americans the noblest volumes ever dedicated to tolerance.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

Late Summer

G String

Since when have meadows had a sounding-board?—
What string is that?—a limp and loosened cord?—

The silver—if silver it was—out-worn?—
Aged and useless and rusty and torn?

Then who's the spirit thinks the thing might sound?—
Does a thumb-nail pluck?—is it underground?—

Distressing the air with ghosts of songs gone
With many a night when man turned to bone?

The nail plucks louder—pongs the same low note:
Why can't he tighten the string—lift the throat?

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Interval

Water pulls nervously whispering satin across cool roots,
cold stones;
And a bird balances his soul on a songflash, a desperate outcry:

These are the minor chords, the monotones;
This the undefeated gesture against an armored sky.

The moment is metal; the sun crawling over it is a fly
Head-down on a bronze ceiling; the hot stillness drones:
And you go sliding through green sea shafts and I
Am an old mountain warming his tired bones.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

Italian Notes

VII.

ESPERANTIST.

"WHAT are these water lily things they give you to eat in Italy?" the English lady at the table next to mine asked, for her first remark since her arrival three days before.

At the corner table the four Americans, for days during their excursions about Assisi, had talked of nothing but food, describing salads, and soups and raviolis from over all southern Europe, with a strange, idle animation, vacant even of gluttony; and the English lady for a start perhaps had taken her cue from them.

She was a plump woman dressed in black, with a large black jet cameo on her bosom. From her rosy face and above her staunch, ruddy forehead her brown hair was carried up with much waving to the top of a high, fat pompadour, and once up got down as best it could to the back of her head. She wore one of those high British corsets that blossom into curves in front on a level with the armpits, and she was naturally very short-waisted. And, from her belt down, the shape she had beneath her skirts and the great height that she arose from the chair gave her the effect of sitting on melons. She had a Hampshire accent.

I asked her pardon, not understanding what would answer her question.

They were like water lilies, if I saw what she meant, she repeated, they taste bitter. You got them everywhere in Italy. They ate them in Paris with some sauce, she could not understand these Frenchy words, a hot yellow sauce.

I suggested artichokes.

"Well, I don't like them," the lady maintained, and began to describe, without having names for them, she could not get these Italian names, she said, a list of dishes from the Italian kitchen that she found it impossible to eat. "I don't like these messes," she went on, "they don't seem clean to me. Paris also. I suppose it's because I'm English, but I don't like fancy food. I like plain, simple things, I've always eaten them. I don't like any of the cooking, has too much salt in it, I've been on the Continent eighteen months, I can't eat it."

I said politely, Too much salt? and the lady said yes, and then after a moment's pause, she added reflectively, "Yes, simple, I like things simple. Perhaps that's why I'm an Esperantist."

Esperantist? I exclaimed. I had never talked with any one who knew Esperanto.

By this time dinner was over but the lady ordered coffee and began ardently to tell me about her cause.

Did I see the green star on her breast? she inquired. That meant that she had been a delegate to the congress. There was a congress every year. They usually had these in the poorer countries, where the exchange was worst, otherwise delegates from these countries could not attend. One year it had been in Finland, another in Lithuania, this year in Yugoslavia. She never missed a one. Her brother had brought her a book of Esperanto, she had taken to it somehow, she had become a fanatic,

you might say, about Esperanto. She always carried along printed matter about Esperanto. With that the lady drew from her purse some handbills, a grammar, the New Testament in Esperanto and some of Shakespeare's plays. I had no idea, she said, how easy it was, it was an ideal language. Language needed simplifying, to prevent wars. A universal language would be your true League of Nations if we could only recognize the fact. If men only understood each other we should have peace, I'd see. How simple Esperanto was too, here was the grammar, the main part of it, on one page. All nouns ended in *C*, all adjectives in *A*, did I see? Add *J* for the plural of everything, pronouncing it as in *boy*. Verbs have six inflections! *As* forms the present, *is* the past, *os* the future, *us* the conditional, *u* the imperative. *N* makes the accusative, and adverbs end in *e*. Words are mostly drawn from Latin sources, you might say, *Jes* is yes, *ne* is no. *La* is the, *mal* denotes opposites, *ist* means professions; feminines are in *in*, *patro* father, *patrino* mother. And *unu*, *du*, *tri*, *kvar*, *kvin*, *ses*, *sep*, *ok*, *nau*, *dek*, with *cent* 100. Was that difficult?

The lady carried on a correspondence, she informed me, with people in various countries; and she could read their literatures as well as they could if things got translated into Esperanto. Thus she learned the spirit of a people.

But was literature literary in Esperanto? I wanted to know: the very irregularity of a language was a part of the character and nuance as it was used in literature.

Of course it was not the same, the lady said, and you could always read your own literature in your own language if you liked. But this made literature universal, Shakespeare, Byron, the Bible and all. Well? Here was the Esperanto Society in a village near Prague.

She drew a photograph from her purse and showed me a group that looked like brigands who had been seduced to farming the land. Behind them was a pennant on which was written Esperanto.

"Since my husband's death I have been in a position to travel a great deal," she continued, "and being an Esperantist I can go anywhere, the strangest places. When I arrive, there is always an Esperantist to meet me at the train—I write ahead to the local society—and he takes me to his home and I meet the other members."

"But it's a cult, isn't it?" I remarked with dionysiac interest.

"Yes, you might call it that."

The lady put back the photograph into her purse.

"Even Turks speak it," she added, musing.

"I see," I said.

"I'll tell you," she went on, "how Esperanto helps me. I travelled alone through Yugoslavia with a man I'd never seen. Two days and two nights. I'm sure I should never have done it if he hadn't been an Esperantist."

In my room afterward I studied the grammar that she had lent me.

If by chance I am cycling, *Fiksu tiun ci sraubingon*, I say that to tighten this nut, and are the roads good, *Ou la vojoj estas bonaj?* and if I want the theatre box-office I say *Kie oni povas antaue rezervi lokojn?*

I thought of Shakespeare.

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason.

How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable!

Would that go as well in Esperanto, I wondered. *Sercu miajn aĵojn*, look for my things! No, I reflected, Esperanto might be a most commendable medium for travelling two days and two nights with a man you had never seen; but for a universal literary brotherhood it seemed hardly so good.

THE WORD RACE

At San Marco the mass ended, the responses, the chanting, the music, the smoke of the incense rising and the candles holding with their flames the eyes of the worshippers before the altar. Mr. X— and I came out of the church and began to walk along the arcade of the Doge's Palace.

"Well," he said, "it's all right in case you don't want a little religion in it."

The fine face, a trifle old-fashioned perhaps and firmer than seemed quite necessary in a place where noble minds had expressed themselves with such ease and splendor, but full of character and serious concern nevertheless, looked set and troubled. The mass was doubtless admirable but there was no religion about it. How well I knew what Mr. X— meant by that!

Plainly he belonged to a race that believed that its deepest thoughts could be said in words alone. Life comes to us out of many an experience in light and sound; and our existence is built up and fed by who can say what

music, what shapes of clouds and green nature, what rhythms that are in the moon, the seasons and our own bodies, what sudden contacts in fire, water, wind and in all movements everywhere? It ought to follow, then, that out of all these we could discover and create images which might serve us profoundly and wholesomely because they embody and revive and release the experience undergone, and symbols which represent vaguer and more general experience, and patterns in light, sound and movement under which are expressed and typified an infinite living. But Mr. X— put his trust in words, in word statements. For him those movements of priests' and congregations' bodies, that raising of the Host, the light before the divine images, the incantation of poetic style and rhythmic forms, said nothing about the soul of man. All these aesthetic exercises and fine arts exhibited in San Marco were cultural, we must have culture. But profound matters required serious explanation and comment. What he wanted was a sermon. He wanted to hear some direct remarks about God and sin and salvation, and some degree of lofty and moral opinion expressed.

If Mr. X— becomes some day so radical as to break away from all organized religion, he will turn probably to a serious interest in education. And the education that he will admire will be of the kind so well known to us, in which you learn a great deal about many things which in themselves you were never born or will never learn to see.

STARK YOUNG.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

International Scholarships

SIR: Scientific preparations for war and high living costs have been pretty successful in their way. Why not try scientific means to world team-work and prosperity?

Is there any more powerful motive to cooperation than friendship? For friends even criminals have sacrificed life itself. Why not make a dominant majority of the great powers friends? Suppose the United States, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, and Germany were persuaded each to establish two thousand scholarships for the fraternizing of prospective representatives to be appointed tri-annually. These might be congregated either in existing universities, from five to twenty-five in every country, in national institutions, one in each land, or in a single cosmopolitan university internationally supported. In such institutions, national and class representatives could intimately associate for years in plastic youth, and form the greatest practicable number of lifelong friendships among probable leaders of other influential nations. Thus, moreover, future world statesmen might be specially versed in the causes of war and human ills and the most promising means to progress.

In forty-five years alumni over forty would come to something like 120,000. At \$1,500 a scholarship, the cost of 12,000 of them would be \$3,000,000 a year to each people.

Consider the cumulative possibilities of such an army of professionally trained statesmen dedicated to world team-work and skilled in the best paths to prosperity!

The World Conference on Education, at which some fifty nations were represented, thought enough, not only of the theoretical possibilities, but of the practicability, of the plan I suggest to vote to have the feasibility of a world university investigated further.

In view of the burdens of billion dollar armaments, the vast evils of war, the commensurate benefits of world cooperation, and the relatively negligible cost of the scheme, is it not worthy of thorough consideration, discussion, and trial?

RALPH H. BEVAN.

Providence, Rhode Island.

A Scheme for Settlement

SIR: May I offer a suggestion as to what seems to me to be a practical scheme of settling the financial difficulties involved in the enforcement of the Versailles Treaty. My scheme is as follows:

All of the Interallied debts should be pooled and paid off pro rata from such moneys as may be received from Germany. Together with the Interallied debts there should be pooled all obligations in the nature of reparations. There should be no priority in any form of payment, except with the consent and under conditions agreed to by all of the Allies. This leads up to each nation receiving its share from Germany to do with it as it sees fit. The debts from the Allies to the United States would be converted more or less into debts from Germany to the United States. Whatever payments any nation has already received should be debited to that nation and each other nation be put on an equal footing as to payments from Germany. Should Germany be unable to pay the total amount of the debts so placed against her, each nation would carry its share of Germany's delinquency.

England seems to want to have the Interallied debts acknowledged as independent of what Germany may be able to pay. France, who is the greatest debtor of the Allies, is unable to accept this point of view. This is the strong point in the French position.

It has been suggested that the United States should cancel the debt its Allies owe it. This has been opposed on the ground that it would vitiate international agreements to repay loans. If, however, all of the nations involved are affected proportionately under the scheme suggested above, a reduction of each of these Interallied debts would be perfectly in accordance with time-accepted principles of liquidation.

This scheme simply makes all of the creditors interested in the collection from Germany of such reparations as they together believe that she can pay. They become, thus, equally interested in the liquidation of Germany's obligations, the burden on France could be raised to a large extent and sane business-like considerations exercised in the determination of



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what Germany, a common creditor, can pay. The one thing that stands in the way of a reconsideration of the huge indemnity laid on Germany is France's debts to her Allies. France insists that if Germany's obligations are reduced, her debts to England and the United States should also be reduced. There seems to be reason in this, for France, as things now stand, can only pay as she may receive.

GUSTAVE W. THOMPSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

What Do Those Salamanders Prove?

SIR: The experiments of Paul Kammerer with salamanders, as reported in your columns a few weeks ago, are interesting and instructive. However, they do not prove the theory of evolution. Everybody knows that human ingenuity and patience can accomplish wonders within the species to produce varieties, and may even prove the inheritance of acquired characteristics; but that does not mean that nature herself would bring about such results. The human mechanic, by manipulating the forces of nature, can make an automobile; but that is far from demonstrating that nature by herself would ever, in all the cycles of eternity, evolve an automobile. The God of nature seems to carry his processes just so far, and then he says to man, "It is your business to complete and subdue the earth."

Professor Kammerer should carry his investigations a little further. He should watch the result of leaving his developed salamanders alone, to their own sweet wills, so to speak, and see whether they would preserve their acquired traits, or revert, as nature seems to do in all other cases, to the original type.

Sometimes, when the anti-evolutionist asks for a single example of spontaneous generation, as was done in your columns some time ago, the reply is made that it is absurd to look for such exploits in nature, because all matter is filled with life; the universe is not a dead universe, and so, of course, spontaneous generation is everywhere. But that is only guesswork. You cannot abolish the distinction between the inorganic and organic realms by mere assertion. Two well-known biologists, Dr. E. B. Wilson and Professor L. L. Woodruff, recognize this distinction, and hold that the gap between the living and the non-living seems to be wider now than ever. No; so far as science knows, only complete living cells can produce other living cells, and thus increase the sum of life.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Wittenberg College,
Springfield, Ohio.

An Analogy from the Past

SIR: I believe many of your readers must have felt a pleasant shock upon reading your editorial agreeing that prohibition—economically—had done what its advocates claimed. One thing you say, I should like to refer to further, namely, that the point now about prohibition is the demoralization incident to law enforcement and the hypocrisy. This is not new in the history of laws—note the following from Trevelyan's history, *The American Revolution*, Part I. He is speaking of the revenue laws on tea, liquor and tobacco in England.

The Revenue Laws were in those days [about 1770] ill-obeyed and worse liked, the empire over, and it was extremely difficult to enforce them. Communication on land and sea was not one system. . . . The police was insufficient and badly organized; and above all, the state, when demanding its dues, had the mass of the community against it. From the peers and members of Parliament who walked ashore at Dover, with their embroidered suits of silk and satin worn one inside another, down to the poor wives in the Kent and Sussex villages, who drank their smuggled Dutch tea laced with smuggled French brandy, the custom house had no partisans and few contributors except under stern compulsion. . . .

And yet no laws are better enforced today than the English Revenue laws. There was economic benefit in them and gradually society and its servants grew up to the laws. Hypocrisy gave place to law-observance.

I would note that 1916 was the last normal license year;

liquor restrictions began in 1917, were fairly heavy in 1918—along with the war. I happen to have by me New York figures for 1915—a year of economic depression—as follows:

Decrease—New York State (outside New York City)

	1915	1922	Decrease
Admission to County Jails			
for intoxication	13,197	3,116	76%
Drunk and disorderly	420	148	64%
Deaths from Alcoholism . . .	782	325	58%

That New York City has felt the same economic benefit under prohibition is shown by a fall between 1917 (wet) and 1922 (dry) in drink cases coming to the New York Charity Organization of sixty-eight percent—and a decrease in deaths by alcoholism and alcohol poisoning between 1915 (wet) and 1922 (dry) of forty-seven percent.

E. TILTON.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Fractions, Beer and Temperance

SIR: In 1904 the Treasury Department ruled that: "The question whether a fermented malt liquor was intoxicating or non-intoxicating is immaterial under the Internal Revenue laws."

There have been a number of other decisions of the same purport. Mr. Justice Day, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States on certain cases involving the construction of the so-called "War-Time Prohibition Act," said:

The fact that the Treasury Department may declare a taxation, under many revenue acts, of beer containing one-half of one percent of alcohol is not important. Such rulings did not turn upon the intoxicating character of the liquid, but upon classification for taxation controlled by other considerations.

In the Ruppert case, which involved the validity of the Volstead Act, the opinion of the court was delivered by Mr. Justice Brandeis, who stated that "the question as to whether beer manufactured with alcoholic content not greater than 2.75 percent in weight is in fact intoxicating is immaterial."

Mr. Justice McReynolds in his dissenting opinion said: "The Government freely admits that the beer in question (i. e. 2.75 percent) is not intoxicating."

In these cases a mass of competent testimony was produced to prove the non-intoxicating character of 2.75 beer.

In substance, the Supreme Court decided that Congress had the right to establish an arbitrary and fallacious standard of one-half of one-percent for the purpose of regulation.

Since the Eighteenth Amendment is limited to the prohibition of intoxicating beverages, it is obvious that Congress has the power to change its definition within the limitations of the Constitution. (It cannot decree that a beverage is not intoxicating, which is in fact intoxicating.)

The easy way out of the present dilemma would be to amend the Volstead Act, so that it would correspond to the exact language of the Eighteenth Amendment, by simply prohibiting the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicating beverages.

Each state would then have it within its power to establish its own limitation, within the meaning and intent of the Constitution.

Mr. Justice Brandeis shows in the opinion I quoted that, prior to the enactment of national prohibition, a number of states had established standards varying from one half of one percent, to two percent of alcohol, either for the purpose of regulation or prohibition.

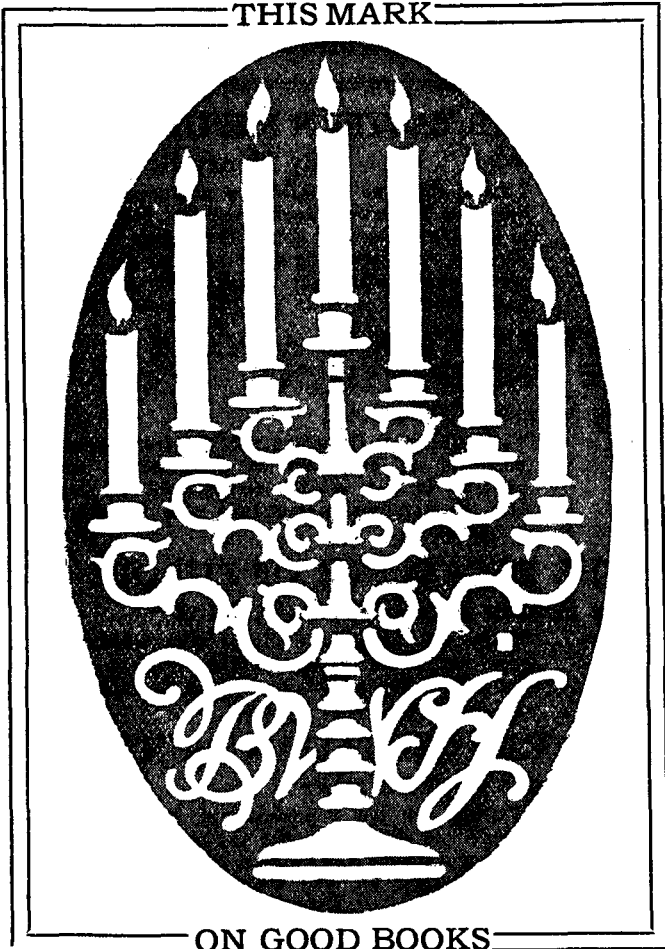
Such a modification of the Volstead Act as I have suggested, would undoubtedly restore light lager beer to the mass of the people in the industrial states, and would satisfy the large number of wage-earners, who feel that the present Volstead Act constitutes class legislation.

Whether under such a modification light native wines would be sanctioned is perhaps more doubtful. Under present regulations of the prohibition authorities, however, individuals are permitted to make 200 gallons a year of "non-intoxicating fruit juices" for their own use, and the question of whether they are intoxicating, is one of fact, and not of their alcoholic percentage.

Under this ruling the vineyards are flourishing as never before, and it is estimated that the volume of home-made wine is

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There is, I believe, a general feeling that the Volstead Act goes too far; that the meaning and intent of the Eighteenth Amendment have actually been enlarged by Congress under the guise of a regulatory measure.

Many thoughtful men believe that it is straining the machinery of the law to the breaking point. If prohibition is measurably effective, if it is to be an instrument for temperance, it can only be brought about by the cooperation of the people.

I believe that the Volstead Act can be so modified as to quiet resentment and satisfy all reasonable men and women, without imperiling the national prohibition of intoxicating beverages.

The stubborn attitude of professional prohibitionists is doing incalculable injury to the temperance cause.

HUGH F. FOX

New York City. Secretary, United Brewers' Association.

Peace in the Offing

SIR: Your recent article deploring the discussions of world peace advocates is most timely but hardly touches rock-bottom. Group loyalty may be responsible for much of the failure to pull together, but is not the trouble mainly due to the antagonism between these who are seeking the next step and those who feel they have reached the very top of the ladder? Between the relativists and the absolutists, in fact?

Your correspondent of the pacifist societies places himself frankly in the latter class. The peace absolutists ignore the fact that even if they convert a working majority of the world to their views as to war, they will not thereby destroy the spirit of nationalism which is stronger than ever.

The real problem is to link up nationalism with world co-operation; to find a modus vivendi between the nationalistic spirit and the growing desire for peace.

A stupendous task, but not an impossible one. The very fact that fifty-one nations have organized for this purpose is the strongest reason for believing that it may be accomplished if the will is theirs.

GEORGE BURNHAM, JR.

Thun, Switzerland.

Editors' Note

The editors announce with regret that they have learned that the article, Endicott and I Conduct, submitted by Helen C. Mang and published in the issue of September 19, 1923, under her signature, was taken from a book by Frances Lester Warner, called Endicott and I, and published several years ago by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS has for a number of years been a political reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun. For several years past he has been attached to the Sun's Washington Bureau.

FRANCIS DELAISI has been on the staff of the Echo de Paris for several years. He was Paris correspondent for the Foreign Press Service, and is now in Paris as correspondent for the New York World. He is the author of Oil, a study of the influence of petroleum in politics.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS is a member of the Woman's Trade Union League, and was a member of the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission in 1911-12, which led to the establishment of a permanent minimum wage commission, the first of its kind in the United States.

CAROL A. REHFISCH is a member of the California Bar, and Secretary of the Woman's party in California.

JAMES OPPENHEIM has published half a dozen volumes of poetry since 1914, the most important being The Solitary and The Mystic Warrior. He was editor of the Seven Arts during the year of its existence.

ARTHUR GLEASON, editor and journalist, is a frequent contributor to the magazines and the author of several books on industrial subjects, What the Workers Want, Workers' Education, etc.



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The New REPUBLIC

Fall Literary Section

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A Life of Shakespeare

A Life of William Shakespeare, by Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University. With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50.

MR. ADAMS has written an interesting and valuable book; but it is not the one I wanted him to write. In his preface he has attempted to justify his course, but his justification is satisfactory only in part to me. With his avoidance of "prolonged arguments on points that cannot be settled," of "aesthetic criticism," and of "detailed discussion of the sources and of the dates of the several plays" I am more than content. For the skill with which he has put together the "incidental and miscellaneous information we possess regarding Shakespeare and his work" and illuminated the picture by flooding it with light shed by an intimate knowledge of contemporary theatrical life I have only the most grateful recognition. But what we most need, it seems to me, is an up-to-date survey of Shakespearean documents, records, facts, and significant theories, clearly and succinctly presented and duly supplied with references. Mr. Adams is extraordinarily well equipped to produce such a book; he has preferred to give us his own interpretation of the record.

What he has attempted, however, he has, for the most part, accomplished in masterly fashion. The exceptions are, in my opinion, chapters V and VI, entitled respectively Apprenticeship and Marriage, and Departure from Stratford. Although willing elsewhere to speculate—that is to draw reasonable inferences from all the available facts—Mr. Adams in these chapters, like most biographers of Shakespeare, disregards the internal evidence of the plays

and interprets our entire lack of records of Shakespeare from his christening to his marriage as proof that he remained in Stratford during the whole of that time, engaged in such occupations as the village life in its narrowest conception afforded. In chapter XXIV, Retirement to Stratford, Mr. Adams discusses very interestingly and convincingly the probability that after his retirement from London Shakespeare associated with various families of wealth and culture who had estates near Stratford—the Grevilles, the Gooderes, the Rainsfords, the Nashes, the Combes. These families and others like them lived near Stratford in Shakespeare's youth. Who can doubt that a lively and promising boy, the son of one of the chief citizens of Stratford, would have attracted the attention of one or more of them and thereby have obtained a part at least of that familiarity with the tastes and habits of good society displayed in Shakespeare's earliest plays and poems? And again, can we fail to regret the manner in which Mr. Adams, like the rest of the official biographers, disregards Mr. D. H. Madden's convincing proof that Shakespeare had spent much time in Gloucestershire, where other possibilities of contact with the best culture of the day were open to him?

The evidence of social and cultural opportunities beyond those afforded by school-teaching, butchering, or the wool-trade is unmistakable; the only objections to assuming that Shakespeare even in boyhood had some sort of contact with persons of wealth and refinement are the absence of definite records and the existence of certain traditions of a much later date. But Shakespeare's failure to acknowledge his indebtedness for early patronage is easily explained by the nature of his writings and that personal reticence which kept him silent when Elizabeth died and when James came to the throne. Of the tradi-

tions only one perhaps seems irreconcilable with the opportunities imagination constructs for him, and that one, when rightly understood, is seen to be at least not opposed to the hypothesis.

This is the well-known tradition that "when he killed a calf, he would do it in high style and make a speech"—a tradition which gives Mr. Adams no end of trouble (see pages 64 and 95). But Canon Raine explained this perfectly half a century ago, when he printed evidence showing that "killing the calf" was an ancient rustic pastime of a semi-dramatic character, consisting in imitating behind a curtain the sounds made by a calf that was being killed. The very form of the tradition proves that it originated in a misunderstood report of Shakespeare's skill in this pastime. And the whole story of his apprenticeship to a butcher falls with this.

For the assumption, made by Mr. Adams and others, that Shakespeare remained in Stratford until his marriage there is not the slightest evidence. Perhaps he did; perhaps, as Mr. Adams says, it was only when "a dignified head of a family" that he left "the parental roof;" but considering his temperament, the knowledge and interests displayed in his earliest writings, and the family circumstances, it seems equally possible that he had left the parental roof much earlier. The unfortunate entanglement of August 1582 may have occurred during a holiday visit to his home.

Mr. Adams, both in these chapters and elsewhere, seems intent upon presenting Shakespeare as a model citizen, a sedate and loving husband. Perhaps he was, but the evidence hardly seems to justify a decided opinion on this point. He may have had his family with him in London for a time, but his assessment as a householder in the Parish of St. Helen's in 1595-96 is capable of other interpretations, not necessarily discreditable.

For the remainder of Mr. Adams's book—twenty-eight chapters—I have nothing but gratitude and admiration. There are, to be sure, a few errors of detail—just enough, perhaps, to prove that he is human; there are some opinions and constructions in which I do not agree with him; and I could wish that he had at least noticed—even if only to reject them—the interesting attempts of Mr. J. M. Robertson and others to show that Shakespeare's plays contain much more of the work of other men than we have been accustomed to believe. But any reviewer would find such faults as these in any book not written by himself.

On Shakespeare's career as actor, dramatist, and non-dramatic poet, Mr. Adams is at many points in striking and important disagreement with Sir Sidney Lee. Every lover of Shakespeare will, I think, wish to make a careful comparison of our two most important biographies of the poet—Mr. Adams's book and Sir Sidney Lee's revised volume of 1922. The comparison will certainly not always result to the disadvantage of Mr. Adams. The following examples may indicate the interest and importance of the disagreements.

Sir Sidney holds that Shakespeare was connected with what was practically one and the same company of actors from the beginning of his career to the end. Mr. Adams holds that he acted and wrote for the Pembroke Company until its dissolution early in 1593 and did not join the Leicester-Strange company until after its reorganization as the Lord Chamberlain's company late in 1594.

Sir Sidney apparently thinks that in 1593-94 Shake-

speare probably traveled with his company (the Earl of Derby's) and that *Venus and Adonis*, the work of earlier years, was published in his absence from London; he ascribes to these years the composition and revision of several plays. Mr. Adams believes that Shakespeare left the Earl of Pembroke's men in February 1593, when after an enforced idleness of six months they were compelled to tour the provinces; that he composed (or revised) *Venus and Adonis* in the winter and spring of 1592-3; and that his success with it and with *Lucrece* may have led him to consider "abandoning the actor's profession and dramatic composition" for work "in the realm of pure literature." That Shakespeare, with his strong practical sense, had any such purpose I seriously doubt, but I am willing to entertain the view that it was a period of enforced leisure which made possible the writing of *Venus and Adonis*—which I do not believe could possibly have been given anything even approaching its present form before Shakespeare left Stratford (whenever that may have been)—and the Rape of *Lucrece* and the beginning at least of the series of Sonnets. It also seems highly probable that his sudden appearance as one of the principal members of the Lord Chamberlain's company was due less to his skill as an actor (Mr. Adams's view, page 424) than to his having purchased a share in the company with money given him by Southampton.

On the much-disputed questions concerning the publication of the quartos and the relations of the actors and the printers Mr. Adams sides with Mr. Pollard and his colleagues as against Sir Sidney Lee. Extremely interesting and plausible are his views as to the reasons for the publication of some of the authorized quartos.

In short, Mr. Adams's *Life of William Shakespeare* is a fine achievement, a book which every lover of Shakespeare will wish to possess. Thoroughly abreast of the latest and best scholarship, distinguished by sane and logical reasoning, it will stimulate by its wealth of ingenious and original views as well as delight by the admirable clarity and simplicity with which it is written.

JOHN M. MANLY.

The Indian's Portion

The Indians' Book, by Natalie Curtis. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$7.50.

The Red Man in the United States, made under the direction of G. E. E. Lindquist. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$3.50.

IN the year 1901, a young New Yorker, a highly trained musician in the European sense, happened to make a journey to the Hopi Reservation. There she heard the Hopis sing, felt the extraordinary spell of this primitive art expression, as yet practically unknown to sophisticated Americans, and began herself, with the rare and subtle musical understanding which was her genius, to follow the Indian voices, and transcribe the songs. Indian music was at this time absolutely forbidden in government schools—"smash the Indian out of 'em" being an educational slogan—and Natalie Curtis was quickly made to feel that she was a dangerous influence, and likely to be expelled from the reservations. But she had grasped the significance of Indian music to Indians, and its creative potentialities to

all Americans, and with a moral fervor as compelling as her artistic taste, resolved to consecrate herself to the forbidden recording. A direct appeal to Theodore Roosevelt met with immediate response, and the result was *The Indians' Book*, published for the first time in 1905, reprinted in 1923. It contains one hundred and fifty songs and many folk tales, written by the long light of the desert and the flare of the tipi fire, during several years of wanderings among eighteen different tribes. The book "was undertaken primarily for the Indians, in the hope that their own volume, when placed in the hands of their children, might help to revive for the younger generation that sense of the worth and dignity of their race which is the Indians' birthright, and without which no people can progress." The Indians, especially the old chiefs who saw the passing of their tradition, became Miss Curtis's devoted collaborators. So the book is literally a direct Indian utterance. "The red man has dictated, and the white friend has recorded. Songs, stories, drawings, all have been purposely contributed by Indians to a volume that should be their own."

Eighteen years after Miss Curtis began her studies, an American Indian Survey was outlined by the Interchurch World Movement. Taken over by the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys, and directed by a former member of the International Board of the Y. M. C. A. it has now been issued as the last word on the Red Man. The book "of a more comprehensive nature than has ever before been undertaken, has attempted to collect all the data available concerning social, religious and educational conditions" and in particular "to supply data which will assist the Protestant churches to extend their work in the mission field." So Mr. Lindquist's collaborators have not, with the exception of "native pastors," been Indians, but "missionaries, field secretaries, government officials, all trained investigators with a background of Indian experience." "To the vision of such people," says the introduction, "unobscured by romantic fancy or antiquarian zeal, the Indian appears not as an interesting relic of the past but as a future citizen, at present in a difficult stage of transition, but destined to be gradually absorbed into the general population of the country." Commissioner Burke, contributing a foreword, finds the book "refreshingly free from the pessimistic, dramatic, sentimental and satirical sketchings of Indian life that have pictured with confusing effect so much discussion and literature on the subject."

It must indeed have been reassuring to the Commissioner, after the tempests of the past winter, when a public aroused by the Bursum bill and further stirred by the message against Indian dances, began to formulate a national Indian policy on the very lines advocated through so many years by Miss Curtis—to find the governmental hand publicly upheld in its "assimilation" policy by the forces of Christian altruism. Mr. Lindquist is a sincere humanitarian, and frankly states the unfair deal the Indian has received from the American people, in the matter of good faith and lands. He recognizes that, more recently, allotment in severalty and the opening of the reservations to white settlement have frequently worked harm and injustice, that Indian education is imperfect, and Indian health shocking, that the Christian missionaries themselves have been often more zealous for a particular creed than for the betterment of the Indians through a broad program of social Christianity. He knows that the Indian is deeply religious in his own right, and even that he is gregarious. But, while demanding for the red man his "por-

tion," he wholly accepts the Indian Bureau view of what that portion is, i. e., absorption into the white body politic through the suppression of all native expressions, especially Indian dances, customs, rituals. If the Indian Bureau considers them a barrier to the spread of frame houses and sewing machines, the missionaries consider them a menace to conversion. Condemnation of the dances occurs on every other page and "it is generally agreed that paganism must be banished from among the New York Indian communities"—and everywhere else.

But for the issue joined by their current publication, it would be unfair to compare these two books, the one a work of revelation, in a sort, speaking, as one chief wrote "with a straight tongue," the other a conscientious compilation, with no pretensions to first-hand contacts on the part of the editor. The greatest value of Mr. Lindquist's book is that it assembles many recent statistics, useful to students of Indian affairs, and tells us just where the still numerous tribes of lake, desert, forest and mountain are to be found today, what their economic and social status is, and to some extent what has been their ancient history. The book is not without historical perspective, but, thanks to the "vision unobscured by antiquarian fancy," etc., it is strangely lacking both in true background and in life. One sees a featureless wilderness, called "Reservation" dotted with mission Sunday schools, where a race of one dark monotone, dressed neatly in overalls and calico, is moving about. These are not American Indians, as one knows them in their infinite variety (for Indian tribes are quite as distinctive as the peoples of Europe) Seminoles emerging from Florida swamps, Navajos dancing in strange canyons, Pueblos moulding archaic pottery in walled villages; they are an inferior species of human whom we unfortunately have amongst us and must guide and teach, according to a program and as a Christian duty, rather than with pride and joy and curiosity as to their gifts. Not everyone can leap the centuries backward, like Miss Curtis, and sit quiet enough by a camp fire to see the past moving out of the shadow. But it seems one might demand of an "intimate" book on the Indian, some sense of how Indians look and feel and react, of a "comprehensive" book some scientific knowledge of what a primitive culture is, how slow and delicate must be its adaptations to an advanced culture. And is not one of the proofs of advancement an understanding of the acute psychological suffering and moral deterioration that comes to races as to persons when their inmost spiritual essence is not only misprized but condemned to extinction?

Like so many other pioneers, Natalie Curtis did not live to see the cause she worked for so discreetly, through successive administrations, come to real fruition. In many Indian schools today, to my knowledge, Indian music and art are allowed no place, though certain boarding schools, like the one in Santa Fe, do to some degree encourage native aptitudes. With the two groups which have, as it were, a vested interest in the Indian, joining forces, as evidenced by the "Red Man" to smoke out the last traces of "paganism," it might seem that *The Indians' Book* had been written in vain. But in fact the movement to which it was a kindling spark has flamed forward in the last year, and there is hope that the revolutionists may succeed in doing more than harry the flanks of the regulars—bring them over to their own side by the force of an opinion more widely aroused to the artistic and spiritual value of the Indian culture.

In any case *The Indians' Book* will live as a classic in

American letters and scholarship. One Indian, on receipt of his copy, wrote: "This book you send me. It is right. Songs and stories just like I told them you. Dear friend, you have a holy power, that is why I told you those." Genius is a holy power, and musicians will know, if the general public does not, the inconceivable difficulty of transcribing aboriginal music, the qualities of ear and patience needed to catch the unusual intervals, the complex rhythms, the swift changes of time. When Miss Curtis began her record, a doctor's thesis in German, by Theodore Baker, and the first of Miss Alice Fletcher's collections of Omaha songs were the only work in the field, and little has since appeared but Burton's Ojibway songs, which are harmonized.

Indian music really has only two of the elements of "civilized" music, rhythm and melody, and Miss Curtis believed that it lost its inherent virtue, both as music and as art, when harmonized in our mode. Her transcriptions are therefore as literal as any written record of something eternally sung can be and her song translations have equally kept the fragrance and spirit of the original. Indian poetry is almost as figurative and elliptical as the Chinese—take, for example, this Love Song of the Winnebagos, which pictures a maiden who had heard the flute call of her lover making an excuse to join him in the dark.

Mother, let me go to my uncle.

Such a song cannot be understood without the event which called it into being, and so with other songs associated with legends and ceremonies. It was by summaries of "background" both succinct and pregnant, that Miss Curtis bound the offerings of the Indians together, and made a "collection" into a creative work. She did not believe that the musical art of America could or should be founded on Indian melodies, but she knew that from this fresh folk music the mind of the country might draw a new and vigorous art impulse. Let the assimilationists think twice, before they deprive us of such a heritage.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Social Ethics

Common Sense Ethics, by C. E. M. Joad. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50.

The Public Conscience, A Case Book in Ethics, by George Clarke Cox. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$3.00.

A Study in Moral Problems, by B. M. Laing. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.25.

TO take these three titles as indicating either the nature or the importance of their authors' respective contributions to ethical theory would be a mistake. Mr. Joad's book—with its aggressively modest title *Common Sense Ethics*—will be recognized as an attempt to court favor for somewhat thin speculation under the disguise of the robustly empirical, without making any empirical contribution to the subject. This particular sort of common sense is characteristic of impatient and egotistical philosophers.

But an author who exercises a sophomoric sarcasm not only upon academic philosophers but on practical reformers like Bentham—who, he says, propounded a theory of "outrageous immorality"—must do better for us than recapitulate refutations of Utilitarianism and Intui-

tionism which are the staples of any elementary college course in ethics. Otherwise his critical account of previous theories may hardly seem an adequate basis for his own somewhat mythological interpretation of impulse as expression of the Life Force.

No one will quarrel with the connecting of ethics and politics, or, for that matter, mistake the idea for new; but when Mr. Joad says he is well aware how far removed his suggestions are from the traditional systems, one wonders why he sometimes has such difficulty in making out this difference, and whether he includes Aristotle or Santayana in the accredited tradition. "We must believe," he says, "that impulse, instead of being an emanation of our lower nature to be rigorously held in check, is the source of our greatest good, just as it may contain the seeds of our greatest evil." "In Aristotle," says Santayana, "the conception of human nature is perfectly sound; everything ideal has a natural basis and everything natural an ideal development." But Mr. Joad goes further than this. Impulse expresses the Life Force, Mr. Shaw's Life Force. To be moral creatures, to be good men, that is, on principle and with an ethical theory that gives meaning to our words, we must presume that this Life Force has a purpose, for "where there is neither God nor purpose . . . we can have no duties beyond our pleasures." It is for the purposes of this Life Force that we really do what we do; it has its way with us altogether. This is the old appeal from Reason, and Mr. Joad exhibits both a usual scorn of Reason's ways, and an unusual lack of comprehension of some of Reason's modest devotees among philosophers. What he avoids is rigorous naturalistic thinking.

Mr. Cox is another devotee of ethical advancement. His central concept, the Public Conscience, is meant to be one of the aspects of the social soul of Lévy-Bruhl and M. Durkheim; but even Dr. Cabot's heralding of his book as epoch-making need not confuse us as to the importance of his contribution in this direction. Mr. Cox's cases do not very clearly help to define a social soul. If there were—if there is—a Public Conscience, does it speak in charges to juries, distinguishing the degrees of murder or of manslaughter, and pronouncing prison sentences? And could it possibly speak to college students of ethics in these strange reports, half in the unknown tongue of the law, half in the confused and sometimes irrelevant or even meaningless comments of the author? A part of the function of ethical theory may very well be to define a moral criterion, but Mr. Cox's cases are so extreme—they are mostly cases of actual crime—that they are not representative. He supplies us with decisions—a few words of them, that is—but the difficulty and the significance of these is not so much moral or ethical as legal. As moral questions most of them are only too easy to answer, but to understand the courts' and juries' answers to them would require at least an elementary understanding of the law. The difficulties which these questions present concern the facts to be established, the correct legal decisions in the premises, all important, no doubt, but scarcely ethical, questions. It is conceivable that Mr. Cox's book will be useful for some of the purposes of teaching, but when considered as a substitute for the traditional treatises or the contemporary textbooks on the subject it seems to me not even plausibly adequate.

Mr. Laing's modest *Study in Moral Problems* deserves more approbation than might arise merely from contrast with Mr. Joad's meretricious cleverness or Mr. Cox's well

meant compilation of cases. Mr. Laing seems too tired to show off, too analytical and too fully possessed of his argument to delay over data except by way of frequent, extraordinarily apt examples. Like Mr. Joad he has rejected "the traditional view of morality as a control of the instincts and desires by reason or by will." But instead of merely turning to psychoanalysis and accepting its advice as competent, he sees that the typical case of successful psychoanalytic treatment of individuals is inadequate to the situation presented by our general post-war demoralization. It is the general nature of desire as a natural process, resting on more primitive natural processes, which offers the clue to a general method of improvement. And instead of Mr. Joad's Life Force working its way with us, Mr. Laing finds "that morality means the solution of moral problems, and that if they are insoluble by man there is no morality."

The book is not brilliant in quality; the writing of it suggests the most laborious patience. The constant use of the passive voice indicates indifference as to whose the practical quarrel may be, and whose the confusions and mistakes in theory. The book is not enthusiastic; it does not preach a change of heart. "Mankind has waited so long for such a change that it is questionable if it provides a fruitful way of solution." In fact this is the sort of solution which, if it does not harden men's hearts, does not soften them either or work any other change. But if the book is not brilliant; if its author is rather morally depressed than elevated, he is not therefore mentally exhausted. He is determined carefully and adequately to make his points and reach his conclusion.

In his definition of morality and of progress Mr. Laing has made a distinct advance over previous attempts to found ethical theory on nature instead of God. Such theories have usually failed to find any valid distinction between existence and good existence. Spencer, for example, seemed to think that somehow we creatures of evolution, completely determined as we are under natural law, are also under a moral obligation to avoid what is physically impossible, that we are good men when we act as we inevitably must act. For an obverse illustration of the same fallacy there is the solemn dictum of a famous sociologist that we are not to smoke because nature has not provided our bodies with chimneys. Mr. Laing's theory is not thus crudely false to the nature of morality; he warns us that this losing sight of the phenomenon that we are investigating is a real danger. And while his own investigation may at times seem to express moral phenomena in terms of something quite different, he really does not lose sight of the uniqueness of morality.

In general morality is "the utilization of natural factors on the part of man to bring about what is desired and what is desirable." The nature of desire sets its ends; and the moral process differs from the purely natural in having its basis in the desires of conscious individuals, and being directed *solely* towards the desirable. Moral values do not come any more naturally into existence, or more naturally remain in existence, than do ships or railroads; but neither do they come less naturally. They are neither gifts from on high nor the results of eternal or transcendently intelligible decrees of the Absolute. They sometimes happen and they are oftener made to happen. They are products of the control of conditions by human beings—and to deny that man can control natural conditions in this sense would be like saying that, because ships are ultimately the results of natural happenings, men cannot decide for themselves on the size of their

navies. Man's business therefore is to bring about those conditions which make for the creation and the survival of values. And this is possible because values arise in relation to human desires themselves.

Knowledge is thus an important part of morality, knowledge about conditions and knowledge about desires. "Moral process involves the control of natural processes so as to lead to desirable results only," and progress is to be measured by "the degree to which the totality of desirable things has been or is being realized both in respect of themselves as a class and in respect of the number of individuals within whose reach they come."

But on this basis the desirable must be defined by desire, and this without giving up morality itself in its uniqueness or making moral value the merely subjective creation of desire. Morality depends on various natural conditions but is itself other than merely natural. Morality supervenes, like other works of art, where men regulate conditions. Hence morality may be said to occur when man's regulation brings about the desirable only, instead of all the undesirable, consequences of acts directed to the accomplishment of particular desire. It is a law in morality analogous to the laws of motion in physics that desire issues in a result that is a value. Undesirable consequences are due, like the failure of a body to continue in uniform motion in a straight line, to the working of other natural processes.

We make machines to run in straight lines; we are to make the process of desire one segment in the straight line from natural conditioning processes to the realization of moral values. But this does not make moral value the creation of desire and hence subjective. Value and desire "are not related in a casual way in the sense that desire is the source or cause of value or in the sense that value rouses desire." Desire is simply an aspect of a process that terminates in a moral value.

But if a thing is desired because it is good, and we recognize its goodness on the strength of its being desired, how account for one of the most obvious facts of moral experience—that our chief troubles seem to come from our desiring the wrong thing? Mr. Laing's account of the divergence between the desired and the desirable as due to the complexity of things and of causal series, his disposition of the cases of deliberate evil, of the criminal, of evil in objective conditions and of resistance to improvement, make up a chapter which could scarcely be convincingly condensed. It is the adequacy of this chapter that lends such weight to the conclusions that I have quoted from Mr. Laing as to the nature of morality and of progress.

It is only too plain that what moves Mr. Laing to reflection is the spectacle of a wretched world; he is too completely disillusioned by the disasters of civilization to indulge in mere exhortation. He is in fact so determined upon the destruction of Chaos and old Night that he has turned to the rarest and most difficult of modern methods of salvation, rational thinking, philosophical speculation. He says that he has approached the study of morality with a feeling of helplessness. What other feeling could go with sanity or sympathy? Human reason is in all conscience a weak weapon with which to face the present world, and Mr. Laing sustains the conflict with gallantry. He fights for Science and all human thought, and on his own showing there could be no more urgent moral cause.

D. W. PRALL.

Irish Literature

Ireland's Literary Renaissance, by Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.

BOOKS on Irish subjects should be salted up with a little mockery and a little laughter; even books on Irish literature, which, like Irish history, has heights of tragedy but rarely depths of pathos. This tragedy without pathos is a profoundly racial quality and in it lies the whole secret of the Irish—the secret of the figure they make in the world in spite of the relative smallness of their numbers, the secret of their charm in spite of their disagreeableness, the secret of their persistence through wars and famines, the secret of their unsentimentality and their sense of reality. It is more especially the secret of why, though one may be angry with them and for them, one can never really be sorry for them. They are not a pathetic people; they have strong, untractable souls.

This lack of pathos is almost a touchstone of any piece of literature written by an Irishman. Tragedy is common, but with it there always stalks irony and laughter, and there is exactly the same spirit in literature written in Gaelic a thousand years ago as in Irish literature written in English today—there is, for example, a similar spirit in that terrific old Gaelic story of the death of Cuchullain and in Synge's play *Riders to the Sea*. In the saga Cuchullain's death is superbly tragic. The Achilles of the Irish epic-tale, having lost his powers, is pierced by a spear. And so, that he may die standing as becomes so great a hero, he lashes himself to a pillar. It is the end of the hero and his great Ultonian warriors whose "fame had been blown abroad through the world," but he utters no lament and has no feeling of self-pity. Instead, realising that it is his last chance for laughter, "he laughs loud and long." The old mother in *Riders to the Sea*, when her last son is brought in drowned and dripping from the sea which had taken all the others, does not indulge in any tears or lamentations; instead she stands erect and says "there is nothing more the sea can do to me . . . it is fine sleeping I will have in the long nights after Samhain . . ."

It is no real disparagement to Mr. Boyd to say that he has not caught the spirit of Irish literature or that tragedy, mockery and laughter are not in his book. He set out simply to give us a history of Irish literature in English from the beginning of the period known as the literary renaissance to the present day, and he has excellently accomplished his task. His book, taking it all in all, is the best history of the subject that has appeared, though he has not that passion for literature or the knowledge of Gaelic which makes Thomas MacDonagh's *Literature in Ireland* illuminating criticism. But then MacDonagh's book dealt almost exclusively with poetry, whereas Mr. Boyd's book takes in all phases of Irish literature in English. It is a book that cannot easily be displaced on account of the uniqueness of its information, especially on the very early beginnings of the literary movement. He collected his material at the time when people had really first hand information about it, before two or three of the important early writers had died, and when interest in literature in Ireland was the most eager of all interests and had not yet given place to an interest in politics and revolution.

A genuine merit of Mr. Boyd's book is its form and the manner in which he marshals his information. Form in a literary history is as important as in imaginative work,

and the form of Ireland's Literary Renaissance has quite peculiar excellence—it carries the interest of the book even when its prose is the most staid. Mr. Boyd, of course, had an interesting subject: the Irish, whatever may be their faults, are not a dull people, and anything they do has a real, if sometimes exasperating, interest. He makes each of his authors and their work stand out with an extraordinary clarity. Many of his attitudes, however, are curious. He seems to have few literary prejudices but marked personal prejudices, and it is, perhaps, an intriguing quality of Mr. Boyd's mind that he might come to dislike a man over night and so leave out all consideration of the whole or a part of his work. Why, for example, has he left out all consideration of the work of George Bernard Shaw in a book on Anglo-Irish literature? One might, perhaps, very properly question the right of any work of Shaw to be considered as literature at all, but one cannot with truth say of him as Mr. Boyd does, "Such names as Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw belong as certainly to the history of English literature as Goldsmith and Sheridan, whereas the term Irish (or Anglo-Irish) can be most properly reserved for that literature which, although not written in Gaelic, is none the less informed by the spirit of the race." Now there seems to me to be no doubt at all that Shaw's mind is as much informed by the spirit of the Irish race as at least half of the writers discussed in this book. And the fact that he wrote John Bull's *Other Island* for the Abbey Theatre, that the *Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet* was first produced by that theatre and forms part of its repertoire as do others of his plays, certainly bring him as much into the current of the Irish literary renaissance as several other writers whom Mr. Boyd admits without question. There are three or four well marked types of the Irish mind, and of one of these Shaw is certainly the most characteristic living example.

Mr. Boyd's criticism is largely based on the importance of the drama produced by the renaissance and on the insignificance of its narrative prose which he thinks is the weak point of the movement. I find myself at complete variance with this point of view. I think the drama was the most advertised side of the movement, but that narrative and poetry are the chief distinctions of the new Anglo-Irish literature. The Irish Theatre in its twenty odd years of life has only brought to light seven or eight good plays and three or four genuine dramatists. There was very little that was really spontaneous about its development. It received its home and a subsidy from an English patron of the drama, Miss Horniman, and it owed its success to the determined effort of one man, of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who, in addition to being a distinguished artist, had the racial quality of being a good fighter, and not only a good fighter, but an eager, sardonic, and sometimes unscrupulous one—a most necessary thing in a leader of an artistic movement. In a quarrel he was equal to any emergency, and he fought and won many a tough battle; he had to fight against everything—against philistinism, red-blooded patriotism, against the British government, against bigotry and against puritanism. He was a great and destructive critic, and there were times when he and A. E. between them seemed to have banished philistinism from Dublin. At the present time when Mr. Yeats's interest in the theatre has declined, its performances and its new plays are, as a matter of fact, not above those of a good amateur company.

If one takes the best of the dramatists according to Mr. Boyd's judgment—Mr. Yeats, Mr. Synge, Mr. Colum, Lord Dunsany, and stands them up against Mr. George Moore, Mr. Standish O'Grady, Mr. Joyce, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Colum, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Corkery, and Mr. Seumas O'Kelly (with *The Weaver's Grave*) and the formidable array of narrative writing produced by these authors, it seems to me that the drama must take a back seat. Of course, as the reader is aware, all of these writers except Mr. Stephens were also dramatists. Mr. Yeats, whose narrative is rarely considered, is yet a narrative writer of a high order, as his production from his forgotten novel *John Sherman*, through his beautiful *Celtic Twilight* and *Secret Rose*, to his recently published memoirs, will show.

Nearly all of the writers mentioned have created a form of their own which, if not as striking as that of Mr. Joyce in *Ulysses* and *Portrait of the Artist*, is yet distinctive and peculiarly Irish, being, in most cases, a development from literature in Gaelic. A writer, the other day, ventured the opinion that Mr. Yeats had, in his *Trembling of the Veil*, imitated Mr. George Moore. This is not the case: both Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Moore have been influenced by Gaelic narrative style. In general, superficial resemblances to each other in Irish writers of the present day are due, not to any kind of imitation, but to the same Gaelic influences. Mr. Boyd makes no mistakes like these: he is not a Gaelic scholar but he is familiar with the classic translation from the Gaelic into English.

Mr. Boyd is at his best when dealing with the drama; this is obviously the literary medium with which he has most sympathy. One is forced to the conclusion that he has very little sympathy with or appreciation for narrative writing. The fault, however, which stands out most clearly is his tendency to be more interested in information about literature than in literature itself. After all, the great requisite for good criticism is to have for literature a hot heart and a cool head; this, with scholarship is the proper outfit for a critic. Mr. Boyd has the cool head for literature if not for its makers, but he lacks the hot heart, and it is the hot heart that makes all writing distinguished, even critical writing.

MARY M. COLUM.

Randolph of Roanoke

John Randolph of Roanoke, by William Cabell Bruce.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 Vols. \$10.00.

JOHAN RANDOLPH of Roanoke was one of the most provoking and interesting characters of our history. In American politics he is unique, and to be compared with no one but d'Annunzio in modern history. A great orator without form or coherence; a politician without truth or compromise; a statesman of extraordinary insight and penetration, with as little self-control as a six-year old child, John Randolph has left great splashes of color on the annals of his generation. Senator Bruce has described his career with entire candor, and no little skill; the design perhaps will not satisfy a classicist, but the color is all there, for the reader to arrange in his own mind.

A descendant of Pocahontas and of the Randolphs of Turkey Island, John Randolph's youth was passed amid the turmoils of the war of independence. Virginian he was, to the core, and "beyond Virginia's border line his patriotism perished." Eighteenth century Virginia, already

in decay when he reached manhood, was that which he really loved. There was not one of the galaxy of Virginia-bred statesmen with whom he did not quarrel; and few, save John Marshall, who retained even his respect. The Virginia of his own day often felt the lash of his scorn, as in that speech where he describes horse-racing as a "sport in which all the gentlemen of Virginia—when we had gentlemen in Virginia—delighted."

At the age of twenty-five he was elected to Congress; and in Congress he remained for thirty years, with the single exception of one war term. His constituency abstained from the pork to keep a statesman at Washington. Randolph was first elected as a Jeffersonian Democrat. He had succumbed to that wave of gallomania that carried all before it in free-thinking, aristocratic Virginia. Jay's treaty, which prevented a war with England, he regarded as a shameful betrayal of America and France. Yet Randolph loved old England only a little less than he loved old Virginia; far more than he loved the rest of the United States. There are no more eloquent statements of America's debt to England than Randolph's speeches of 1911-14, characteristically delivered at the time when they were most provocative. He would have no woollens but Yorkshire woollens, no boots but Hoby's of London, no church but the Church of England, no Bible without an English imprint. To be exploited by Scotch tobacco factors and English merchant bankers, as had all the Virginian Randolphs, seemed to him natural and proper; but a protective tariff or national bank, for diverting these profits to New York and New England, aroused him to fury. He helped elect to the presidency two great democrats and nationalists, Jefferson and Jackson; but he hated and despised democracy and nationalism. In the Virginia Convention of 1829, Randolph defended the old freehold suffrage and property apportionment by which almost half the white men of his commonwealth were disfranchised. The moment you separate property and political power, he predicted, "that very moment property will go in search of power, and power in search of property."

The most fascinating and perplexing thing about Randolph's character and career are these contradictions: his aristocratic prejudices and democratic doctrines; his hatred of slavery, but passionate championing of the slave interest; his extreme sensitiveness, but ready offensiveness; his manliness in the field, but shrewishness in debate; his alternate tenderness and brutality toward those who loved him. How can we reconcile his Virginia chivalry with his offensive monosyllables hurled at an unfortunate lady? And how shall we explain his thousand extravagances of thought and conduct during the last fifteen years of his life?

Some forty years ago Henry Adams, his own education barely begun, attempted to explain John Randolph in terms of education. Randolph had not had the advantage of a New England discipline. He grew up a "young savage" in a "boy's paradise of indulgence," and a malignant, perverse nature was the natural result. Senator Bruce proves these assumptions false. Randolph's early life was normal and wholesome. He grew up an unusually well read gentleman, according to eighteenth century English standards; and half the anecdotes of his deep potations, astounding oaths, and sudden quarrels, would fit perfectly the memoirs of a beau of the Regency. The other half needs some further explanation; and here the senatorial biographer is out of his depth. He leaves it to the reader to infer whether Randolph was mad, or a more

thorough bully and blackguard than Adams ever described him, when he wrote that amazing letter of obscene, unjust accusations against his cousin Nancy.

The Senator's neighbors at the Johns Hopkins medical school might have helped him to interpret the pathological evidence that he candidly presents. We suspect they would have told him that Randolph was always sexually impotent, the evidence adduced to the contrary being either irrelevant, or confirming the post-mortem examination. We learn that Randolph was abnormally sensitive from childhood—a "man without a skin"—one may guess the result of his falling in love. We find, further, that he hardly enjoyed a well day after the age of twenty; that he suffered tortures from insomnia and chronic diarrhoea, that he was melancholic and introspective. Such pathological conditions make a hotbed for recurrent insanity—insanity with intervals of complete lucidity—which is probably the mental disease from which Randolph suffered.

Those evil days were still far off when Jefferson's administration opened, with Randolph as House Leader. But it was impossible for such an individualist long to submit to party discipline. When he found Jefferson and Madison supporting the Yazoo claims—a colossal bit of jobbery portending the wholesale looting of the public domain—Randolph went into opposition. Jefferson became "St. Thomas of Cantingbury," and Madison, "as mean a man for a Virginian as John Quincy Adams for a Yankee." Monroe for a time was his hope; but Monroe, once defeated for the presidential nomination, wormed his way into the dynasty; and Monroe became another Ichabod. As an opposition free-lance, Randolph tuned his oratory to its highest pitch, and sharpened his intellect to its keenest edge. Whoever has thumbed the dreary debates of Jeffersonian Congresses, learns to look for a speech by Randolph, assailing with wit and scorn and mockery the administration's political trimming, the embargo policy, and the weak diplomacy that led to a weak war.

Thrilling as they are to read, what must Randolph's speeches have been to hear! His appearance was extraordinary, as that of a frail, reedy boy grown prematurely old, with bright, bird-like eyes and dark, lank Indian hair; his flute-like voice, a full octave higher than any other man's, shrilling into sarcasm and invective. The style of his speeches was racy, conversational, spiced with wit, pointed with classical and literary allusions, wayward and capricious and formless; utterly different from the dramatic, rotund school of Chatham, which Henry made popular, and Webster perfected. Yet his few published writings make us wish he had left politics for literature. The Letter to his Constituents opposing the War of 1812, the Letter to Lloyd, exposing the mad folly of the New England secessionists, have all the best qualities of his speeches, without their irrelevant asides and rash invective. His intimate letters are the best of the whole Virginia galaxy. But the Southside gentry of Randolph's generation, struggling for existence against irresistible forces, had no time for literature. That old slaveholding squirearchy gave America some of her greatest statesmen and soldiers; but it should have given America her greatest school of belles-lettres.

Randolph's work was largely negative, for he had no steady objective. Otherwise he might have been a greater Borah. He judged every question from his personal standards of political morality, or in the gloomy light of ancient grudges, nursed and coddled in long days of isolation at Roanoke, when twisted with physical and mental pain.

His rôle in politics was that of Mencken in criticism. "Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down with trenchant wit unsparing, and, mocking, rent with ruthless hand the robe Pretence was wearing." Yet, negative as his work was, he left a blaze of glory behind him. Psychology, the new handmaid to history, shows Randolph of Roanoke to be one who fought bravely all his life for public and private decency, against physical and psychical handicaps that would have driven any other man to suicide or the madhouse.

S. E. MORISON.

Cooperative Democracy

Cooperative Democracy, by James P. Warbasse. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

NINE out of ten intelligent persons regard the cooperative movement with indulgent indifference. Everybody has heard about the Rochdale Pioneers, that little body of weavers who, eighty years ago, launched a tiny cooperative store which made their few pennies go a little farther. Everybody knows, in a vague way, that the movement grew slowly at first, then rapidly, until at present England is all sprinkled over with cooperative stores which do a business of quite imposing magnitude. It is also known to everybody that the cooperative movement has gained a foothold in almost every civilized country, and in some countries, notably Denmark, threatens to capture the whole commercial organization.

It is a good thing, most of us say yawningly: too bad it doesn't thrive in America; it might cut our grocers' bills and give us cheaper coal. How many of us realize that it is just this misconception of the cooperative movement as merely a scheme for realizing small economies that keeps it from thriving in America? There are economies to be realized, of course. But the movement has a far deeper significance. The general realization of the cooperative ideal would mean the complete reorganization of our economic and political systems. Mr. Warbasse is tireless in his presentation of the details of cooperative achievements, but he never loses sight of the revolutionary bearing of the movement. That is what makes this book, in spite of certain obvious defects in form and barrenness of exposition, a contribution to political science that no serious student can afford to ignore.

Not all is well with our modern world, either economically or politically. We have attained to a remarkable efficiency of productive technique without attaining to the certain and adequate supplying of human needs which is the only rational end of economic activity. We have constructed a vast machinery which we do not control, which, in fact, nobody controls, though somebody works it for profit. There are too many signs of an impending breakdown for us to be wholly complacent about the future. Similarly the political state has gathered to itself powers that only demigods could wield with assurance. By a perverse natural law it is pushed along the road of self-aggrandizement and extravagance to wars that nobody really wants and which come near being the ruin of everybody. This is a state of things that cannot go on forever. Mr. Warbasse thinks it can last for only a very few years. I think he underestimates the toughness of fibre of existing institutions, their power to quiet the demands for change by readjustments that mean nothing.

A FEW INFORMAL NOTES ON NEW

GOOD BOOKS

(Published in August and September)

We have more than our usual amount of enthusiasm (and that's saying a good deal) when we talk about the books on the Fall list, now numbering over 40 titles. Here space permits us to only mention the most recent ones and those chosen particularly for the readers of The New Republic.

YOU doubtless know that **THEODORE DREISER** is now exclusively a Boni & Liveright author, and that all of his works, both past and present, will have our imprint. "**THE GENIUS**," a new and complete edition printed unabridged from the original plates is waiting for you. In the opinion of many critics this story of an artist and his love life is **THEODORE DREISER'S** most important work.

An old friend of Dreiser's is a new friend of ours, for **THE NUPTIAL FLIGHT**, by **EDGAR LEE MASTERS**, is the first book by the distinguished author of Spoon River Anthology we have been privileged to publish. Others will follow. It is a novel of American life seen through three generations as reflected in the marriages and loves of an original pioneer family, its children and grandchildren. A continuous picture of our native civilization.

On the other hand, **HOLIDAY**, **WALDO FRANK'S** new novel, is one single day of Southern Drama. "No outline of the story can do justice to its dramatic qualities—its literary excellence—its gigantic systole and diastole in sympathy with human heart-beats. It is indeed of wonderful workmanship." (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

HAUNCH, PAUNCH & JOWL is the story of an immigrant boy who rose from gangster to be the judge of a high court. Though an autobiography, it has all the thrills of a screen melodrama. Here is a man's unveiling, as vivid and cruel as oftentimes life itself.

What a contrast is **BEN HECHT**, the ultimate sophisticate whose jeweled words form innumerable patterns at his bidding. Now it is a mystery tale, **THE FLORENTINE**

DAGGER, where with shivering, fascinated joy you will meet a nervous cavalier, the woman of the hidden eyes, and Floria, the lady of the dagger—the dagger that glistened against the moon—you will collide with the tantalizing corpse. Ye Gods! Ben Hecht has trodden ghostly roads.

If you survive **THE FLORENTINE DAGGER** we have a real wild west story with plenty of straight two-handed shooting, cowboys, bandits, and old time saloon gambling episodes, to say nothing of a lovely girl and a plot that includes every sort of adventure in little known portions of Arizona and New Mexico. **LEM ALLEN** is not only chuck full of life, but brimming over with laughter. **W. P. LAWSON** has created an original figure for the unconventional setting of the pioneer West.

Certainly one of the most delightful of our new books—one that causes repeated smiles if not chuckles of appreciation—is the brilliantly witty novel **THE SACRIFICIAL GOAT** by **ERNITA LASCELLES**, written around the character of one Moreby. The dialogue will suggest Shaw to so many New Republic readers that we beg you not to ask us if Moreby is the great G. B. S. Perhaps he is, perhaps he is not.

A PREFACE TO LIFE by **EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER**—a preface that is an afterword, an autobiography, which is a beginning. It is a "human document," not of sentimentality but of tough mental fibre, the story of a young man who, going to work at fifteen, offers at twenty-five a record of life ranging from Harlem to Hollywood and back to New York. It is even more eventful in the realm of personal heaven and hell that here become the origin of great creation.

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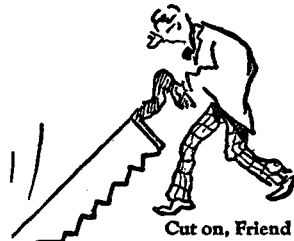
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Mr. Warbasse goes farther than I care to follow in his restriction of the functions of political government. He also goes farther than I would in the limits he would place upon individual enterprise. But this is a point of minor importance. The point of major importance is that co-operation offers the only practicable offset to excessive centralization in the state and in industry.

Mr. Warbasse has given us not only a stimulating essay on the political philosophy of cooperation, but almost an encyclopedic account of the growth and achievements of the movement. His book is one that ought to be circulated, not by the thousand, but by the million. If I were Henry Ford I would put out a twenty million edition of it, and force it into every farmhouse and workingman's cottage. It would be read, and the influence it would exert would give us a saner and happier country.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Old Diplomacy

My Mission to Russia and Other Diplomatic Memories, by Sir George Buchanan. Two volumes. Boston: Little Brown and Company. \$8.00.

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN has delivered a plain unvarnished tale of his diplomatic life, beginning with his youthful service as attaché and secretary at Vienna, Rome and Tokio, including his ministry at Sophia, and closing with eight years of ambassadorship in Russia. The account of the early years is unimportant except for the light which it throws on Sir George's training in the old diplomacy, and his orientation in the policy of continental alliances which drew Great Britain into the War. He was appointed to Petrograd in 1910, when the Triple Entente had already been in effect for some years. To further this understanding was the chief object of his diplomacy. Shortly after his arrival the understanding which Sir Edward Grey had reached with Russia in regard to spheres of influence in Persia was threatened by the negotiations between Russia and Germany in regard to the Bagdad Railroad. Sir George protested at once. "It was not, as I subsequently endeavored to impress on M. Sazonoff, that

we had the slightest objection to Russia's cultivating good relations with Germany, but that we were afraid that she was about to do so at our expense. Anxious as we were ourselves to come to an understanding with Germany on the subject of armaments, we should never, I assured him, think of taking any step that might entail the sacrifice of our friendship with Russia and France." In his account of the subsequent development of the situation, through the efforts of Persia under the guidance of Mr. Shuster to preserve her independence, Sir George finds no word of sympathy and praise for a small nation which was so eagerly striving to set its house in order, only appreciation of the "tact, patience and forbearance of Sir Edward Grey and Sazonoff, and doubt whether the vaunted new diplomacy would have been equally successful in saving the Anglo-Russian understanding from shipwreck" at Persia's expense. Possibly not. Sir George was fully aware of the futility of this understanding to preserve the peace of Europe, because the British Foreign Office, representing a nominally democratic nation, was obliged to keep its engagements secret from its own people. In February 1914 he communicated to Sir Edward Grey Sazonoff's contention that "if Germany knew beforehand that France and Russia could count on England's support she would never face the risks which such a war would entail." And yet, recognizing the impossibility of such open avowal he and Sir Edward continued to pursue in secret a policy which could only end in involving their country in war. So much for the old diplomacy.

When the fruit of that policy was ripe, and Europe was on the verge of war in the last days of July 1914, Sir George contemplated the prospect with a steady head. To assure Great Britain's fulfillment of her obligations to her partners was his chief concern. He advised Russia against mobilization, "for unless convinced that the whole responsibility for the war rested with Germany, British public opinion would never sanction our participation in it." Whether, aside from this caution, he exerted himself to the utmost to preserve peace is not clear from the memoirs, possibly not clear to Sir George himself. His narrative is limited in the main to the contemporary unfolding of events. He makes no reference to M. Paléologue's later revelations of the aggressive tactics of France, except to defend himself from some slight misquotations. He does not refer to the misleading version of communications between Paris and St. Petersburg, published by the Russian government, and now corrected and completed. He records the conciliatory telegram of the Kaiser, on July 29, and the Tsar's command to cease mobilization, which, he admits, the military authorities disobeyed. He gives the text of a long telegram from King George to the Tsar on August 1, calling attention to the fact that the deadlock was the result of a misunderstanding and making a personal appeal for its removal. Although this dispatch was received at five o'clock, and Buchanan was instructed to seek an immediate audience for its delivery, he did not see the Tsar until nearly eleven, when they talked for more than an hour about the ineffectual efforts of their governments to preserve peace, and the notion that mobilization "did not necessarily entail war." If Sir George knew that this was clotted nonsense he does not say so. His narrative appears to reach its climax in his return late that night to find the embassy "blocked by the enthusiastic crowd eager to know whether Russia could count on English support"—an assurance which he was only too impatient to give them.

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With war thus auspiciously begun Sir George's chief preoccupation was to keep Russia on the footing of an effective belligerent. Very early he became alarmed at the breaking down of the administration under the incompetent reactionaries whom the Tsar chose as his ministers. His was the voice of the Allies, and more and more he came to address the Tsar in much the same terms as Stratford de Redcliffe was accustomed to use toward the Sultan. But warnings and appeals were in vain. The old regime literally rotted away, and Sir George agrees with Baron Rosen that the revolution was a natural and inevitable consequence. It made itself. With the leaders of the first revolutionary wave, Miliukov, Tereschenko and Kerensky, Sir George was on intimate terms. He continued to take with them the same high line of warning and chiding that he had used toward the Tsar, but whereas he had counselled the Tsar to relax his autocracy and come to terms with his people, he advised Kerensky to use strong arm tactics against the Bolsheviks. His one preoccupation was still to preserve the sacred entente, to keep Russia in the War. He resented the efforts of Russia to disembarass herself of the claim to Constantinople, ratified by the secret treaties, and to promote a general peace on a basis of no annexations or indemnities. Peace was absolutely necessary for Russia, and no government could survive which failed to recognize this elementary fact. Thus he insisted on holding Kerensky to his fatal course and contributed to the advent of the second phase of the revolution—all power to the Soviets.

It is not surprising that Buchanan by virtue of the zeal with which he pursued his single object should have seemed to the Russian people their immediate enemy. He had no official relations with the Soviet regime, and his efforts during the last two months of his stay in Russia were limited to conducting an orderly retreat. Too late he sent sensible advice to the Foreign Office. "In my opinion the only safe course left to us is to give Russia back her word and to tell her people that, realizing how worn out they are by the war and the disorganization inseparable from a great revolution, we leave it to them to decide whether they will purchase peace on Germany's terms, or fight on with the Allies."

In another matter Buchanan showed excellent common sense. The English government interned two Russians—Chicherin and Petrov—for anti-war propaganda, and Trotsky brought pressure for their release by refusing to allow Englishmen to leave Russia. "There is," wrote Sir George, "after all, something in Trotsky's argument that, if we claim the right to arrest Russians for making a pacifist propaganda in a country bent on continuing the war, he has an equal right to arrest British subjects who are conducting a war propaganda in a country bent on peace." On a third aspect of the Russian situation Sir George remained intransigent—he spent his time after his return to London in advocating armed intervention, and his last regret is that this policy was not vigorously followed. "A mere handful of British troops with tanks and aeroplanes, would have enabled General Yudenitch to take Petrograd. On the other hand, had we, in addition to supplying General Denikin with war material, sent out a British general at the head of a small expeditionary force to conduct his operations, and to insist on his pursuing a conciliatory policy towards the peasants, Moscow would also have been captured." It is significant of his attitude that he did not hesitate at the thought of adding human lives to the already monstrous tale of

slaughter, but merely at increasing the income tax—and he thinks it would have been a good investment.

The two volumes before us add little to our knowledge of the events of the last nine years. Their chief contributions are on minor matters, such as the plans for the escape of the Russian royal family to England, and the misunderstanding between Kerensky and Kornilov which forced the latter into an attempted coup d'état. The interest of the book is in the character of Sir George Buchanan himself and his opinions. It is just because Sir George is so resolute in pursuit of his main object, in his memoirs as in his life, that he is valuable as a type. He is not the agreeable social attaché, exuding picturesque reminiscences and coating the professional pill with the sugar of gossip. He was brought up to play the game, and how he played it he tells us with a laconic directness. It was a technical game in which the arrangement of a particular pattern known as the Triple Entente was the objective: and the arrangement once achieved, the players had the opportunity to see their work subjected to the supreme test of war. To Sir Edward Grey and Sir George Buchanan, as they contemplate the position of their country and the world today, there must come the satisfaction that a defeated general so often claims, of a victory according to all rules of strategy. Whether the interests and lives of common people are safe in the hands of such technicians is another question.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Waldo Frank

City Block, by Waldo Frank. Privately printed. \$7.00.

Holiday, by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Live-right. \$2.00.

I FEEL, after reading Waldo Frank, like one of the characters in *The Dark Mother* who "was in a mood where what he did not understand he could not like."

There are lots of things we don't quite understand, and we like them all the better for it. The waters of life taste sweeter for coming from a secret spring. But one does not feel this way about Waldo Frank's books. He has not so much captured in his pages the inscrutable seed which the true novelist must capture but must not tame, so much as he has allowed to spread over those pages of his, like a mist, the sense of a mystery which is too entirely his own creation, and therefore unreal. He has filled the springs of life with synthetic H_2 plus O , and no wonder if the stream be dark and muddy. Here are some samples, I think not unfairly bottled, from *The Dark Mother*:

Sudden this man: walking beside him now, upon the gash of the world, his new experience was a hand that touched him—brushed back the hair from his sleepy eyes—pressed fever to his brow—grasped his throat so it was hard to breathe—struck him!

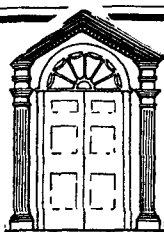
David found he walked in a hurting wonder: the woods were part of this wonder: the man beside him was part of a whirling wonder. He was like a slumberous water that the wind struck sudden from all sides. The waves of his feeling were up or down. His deep self—his past—rose through the lashed fissures of his mood...

Deeply the luminous complex stir that came to him as he stood straining in the hall and gave up his hat and gave up his coat to the silent butler...

The tickings of the clock on the mantel tore past her and caught in her dress like little strays of straw...

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Obviously this is a new language, which we must luminously strain to understand. It is the sign of a mind seeking new ways to express old meanings, a mind valiantly exploring new paths in preference to the average literal, superficial, trivial method of writing about human beings. It is an attempt to get under the surface, down to the feelings that really matter. But the undersurface is dark, and like a miner one must carry along a good lamp of one's own. Is Waldo Frank's bright enough?

Some more quotations from *The Dark Mother*:

Tom's voice was dark in the sunlight.

... He had a sense that if he visited the bay it would be sweet and fertile like a young woman who is warm with the breathing of her body.

Tom Rennard was clad in strangeness.

He had a distant sense of a David Markand ... his shoulders pushed along like a slow hill rising to the horizon, his head moved faintly like a tree.

Here, I assert, in a small space, is the greater part of the early Waldo Frank. This likening of water to breathing bodies, of men to trees, this piling of all mankind into a bushel marked Nature, this pouring of all nature into the insides of a cigar store Indian marked mankind, is not merely means to an end, it is not merely a method of telling you what people are like, nor a recourse to symbolic characterization through failure or absence of simpler means; it is the product of a way of thinking which may be called the delusion of Oneness. About as destructive a microbe as may attack an artistic organism. *The Dark Mother* is acres of sepia prose, dotted with many absurd and solemn expressions, with some beautiful ones, through which move in the deepest shadow, singularly, religiously unreal characters. Waldo Frank has a good eye for character, but he doesn't use it. He brings characters into the world, and at once they are invaded, possessed, bound and gagged by something vaguely, overwhelmingly fundamental. It was this same cosmic undertow that made *Our America* such a wrong-headed, lop-sided book. One had a sense—to use his favorite phrase—that he was afflicted by a sort of creeping generalysis. He had a general scheme of interpretation into which some of America was forced to fit, and from which a great deal else, since it obviously would not fit at all, was quite excluded. A book that showed clearly the difference between having a Vision and having eyesight.

Between these two discouraging books and the last two (which inspire toward their author respect and pity in equal parts), came *Rahab*, in quality a kind of distillation of *The Dark Mother*, in quantity mercifully less, and without its heavy sediment of detail. But here too were the same anthropomorphic similes, the same opaque solemnity, the same joyless straining after elementals. While I liked the sincerity of the writer, his evident desire to place himself before any reader, I didn't really understand what he was after, and nothing would induce me reread the book in order to find out.

The first story in *City Block* hints, in the first pages, at a repetition of *Rahab* and *The Dark Mother*. We are back in a familiar country, a place where "the multitude was agitant, yet constant," and "gave forth a dull glow like a material half congealed, half-ignited ... balanced between flow and solid, between flame and clod." But when it is over we realize that here is a different Waldo Frank. Here is a little story of singular, inscrutable power

and reality, puzzling, annoying, vague, humorless in detail, but real, solid, alive. A dark fire runs through it, a kind of blind vigor, the thrust of something that must grow. No single bit in the rest of the book is as good, or as lasting, but *City Block* is a long way from the earlier novels. If it is peopled with ghosts, with characters whose umbilical cord to the Unknown has not been cut, and who thus remain as vague as their ancestry, real people arise from it too, still talking a little solemnly, still "sensing," still hovering dangerously close to Oneness, but people who can stand on their own legs and feel, do and say things that are remembered.

His last book is called *Holiday*. It is a brief, spare story of the attraction of a white girl and a Negro for one another which ends in a lynching, and in its sustained intensity is almost melodramatic. There is no relief from this intensity, which burns like a slow fire with steady, serious heat from one end of the book to the other. Oh for a single laugh, one flash of wit, one spark of humor to make this tragedy real. For strangely unreal it is, though the realest of all his books. There is more daylight over it, and less of the struggling flickers of limbo. But this light which shines so much more brightly does not illumine a much realer world. It only casts deeper shadows, or sheds a rawer glare.

The texture of *Holiday* is much closer knit than that of the other books. But not closely enough. Every once in a while one's foot goes through the surface and hits something soft and large, which must be the Cosmos.

If Waldo Frank liked to write about watches instead of men he would be talking most of the time about the mainspring. He is not so much interested in how they differ as in what makes them go, and neglects the little wheels, the jewels, the individual tick or tock, the quizzical or complacent physiognomy of the dial by which we tell them apart and make them our friends. For unfortunately Waldo Frank has a purpose. It is a fine, a sincere, a noble purpose. But a noble purpose, like a blind man, should not be allowed to stray out into the world alone. Its most valuable companion is a sense of humor. And I have never caught that and Waldo Frank's purpose, or his sincerity, or his imagination, hand in hand. If there was only one thing in the world I could give him, it would be that. Yet I'm not sure. Perhaps other things too. To quote once more from *The Dark Mother*: "This is not a mere lack of a sense of humor. This is something deeper."

ROBERT LITTELL.

Contributors

JOHN M. MANLY is Head of the English Department in the University of Chicago. He is a contributor to the Cambridge History of English Literature and the Encyclopedia Britannica, and editor of *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT has spent several years in New Mexico and has an intimate knowledge of the Pueblo Indians and Indian life.

D. W. PRALL is professor of philosophy at the University of California.

MARY M. COLUM is a graduate in Modern Languages and Literature of the National University of Ireland, and a contributor to the *Freeman*, *The Dial*, the *Nation* (London), the *New Statesman* (London), etc.

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